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Lord Bishop of Calcutta
30 December 1835.

LETTERS

FROM AN

ABSENT BROTHER:

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF A TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

THE NETHERLANDS, SWITZERLAND, NORTHERN ITALY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1823.

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BY

DANIEL WILSON, M.A.

VICAR OF ISLINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTER XII.

Great St. Bernard, Sept. 6.—*Brieg, Sept.* 10, 1823.

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Martigny, Bas Valais, Switzerland,
Saturday Night, Sept. 6, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I WAS quite mortified in sending you my last letter; it was written in such inexpressible hurries, and seemed to me, when I

read it over, so sadly unconnected and incomplete. Indeed, this has been more or less the case with all my letters. I know, however, that your love will excuse the defects of my rapid accounts. I believe I did not tell you that the particular points of the Mer de Glace which we went to visit were the Couvercle and the Jardin, or garden. The Couvercle is an immensely high rock, to which you have no access but by crossing the sea of ice, as we did, and which, from its height and position, commands an unbroken view of Mont Blanc and eleven other Alps. From the Couvercle there is a twenty minutes' walk to the Jardin, which is a rock rising above the Mer de Glace. A slight stone enclosure marks out the garden, which is covered, during the brief summer, with verdure and flowers. The contrast with the snowy mantle concealing the face of nature all around, is very striking. This Jardin we did not reach: I really was overcome.

There are eighteen immense glaciers, formed from the Mer de Glace, in different

ravines, and thirty smaller ones. The English gentleman, whom I reported as having ascended Mont Blanc, returned safely: he accomplished the task in thirty-seven hours; but his fatigue was so great, that he was at last literally obliged to be pushed up by the guides. At the summit, a tremendous storm of snow and wind had nearly carried them all away; he remained there only five minutes, and could scarcely see any thing. His object was not science; but simply pleasure, or curiosity: he had made no preparation, had no instruments with him, and was unaccompanied by a single friend. Such exploits are regarded by every one as hazardous and useless, instead of being entitled to admiration.

My old guide (who went up with De Saussure in 1786, and was named by him L'Oiseau) tells me the accident which occurred on Mont Blanc, as I have already mentioned, in 1820, arose, as he thinks, very much from the youth and inexperience of the guides: a whole day's rain and snow fell whilst the party was ascend-

ing, and made the peril of an avalanche almost certain. The oldest guide now at Chamouny is Balma, aged seventy-six, named, by De Saussure, "Mont Blanc." My friend and fellow-traveller's guide was the son of the Syndic, or chief magistrate of the village, which said Syndic we met, with a scythe on his shoulder, in primitive simplicity, going to mow, as we ascended Montanvert. The guides have seven, eight, or ten francs a-day; those who go up Mont Blanc thirty or forty francs a day, and sometimes much more. They also rear and keep the mules, which are worth twenty or twenty-four Louis each (from nineteen to twenty-three pounds). In fact, the whole apparatus of Chamouny is unequalled: there are twenty-four porters, for carrying ladies only. I suppose, during a good summer of four or five months, a guide may get eight or nine hundred francs (about thirty-six pounds), besides his food; some much more—which is almost a fortune in Savoy. In our journey to-day to Martigny, we observed perpetual fragments of rocks scattered every where in

the fields, so that the farmers collect them in great heaps in different spots, in order that the grass may have room to grow at least on some of the land. To overcome or lessen difficulties, is the perpetual task to which man is called by all the various disorders on the face of nature: and in no country so much as in Switzerland and Savoy.

When we left Trient, at four o'clock, we began to ascend the mountain Forclaz, from the summit of which, and in the descent, the view of the Valais (an immense valley, about a hundred miles long, reaching from the lake of Geneva to the Grimsel) was most enchanting:—the plain with all its varied beauties, as far as Sion—the Rhone rushing through it—the Alps of the Oberland girding it around—and all illuminated with the afternoon's sun - nothing could be more exquisite. Martigny, where I am now writing, is a small town, one thousand four hundred and eighty feet above the sea (Chamouny is three thousand one hundred and fifty). In the time of the Romans it was called

Octodurum. On descending to it, we had to cross the devastations occasioned by the bursting of the river Dranse, which quite sadden my mind when I think of them. The melancholy story resembles that of Goldau, except that the loss of lives was not so considerable. It arose, I understand, from the Dranse, which rushes down the mountains about eighteen miles from Martigny, becoming first obstructed, and then stopped in its course, in the valley of Bagnes, by the falling of masses of ice from the Glacier of Getroz. A most enormous lake was thus formed, thirteen thousand feet long, and from one to seven hundred feet wide; the mean depth being two hundred; and the whole mass of water eight hundred millions of cubic feet! The country was soon alarmed at the tidings of this accumulation of waters; and a tunnel, or gallery, was cut through the barrier of ice, to facilitate the escape of the river by its usual channel. The lake was actually reduced forty-five feet; but this was not sufficient to prevent the calamity. For on the 17th June, 1818, the waters burst in a moment, without the least warning, through

the barrier of ice, and rushed forth with such fury, that in one hour they had reached Martigny, eighteen miles. The torrent destroyed fifty-two houses at Champsee, and overwhelmed a surprising number of fields, houses, barns, manufactories, &c. at Bagnes and Martigny; all was swallowed up in an instant. An entire forest was rooted up by it; and damage done to the amount of one million one hundred and nine thousand seven hundred and sixty francs of Switzerland, about two hundred thousand pounds English.

How instantaneous, as well as awful, are the judgments of God! What an uncertain, treacherous scene is this passing world! And what deductions do such events make from the pleasures of a residence in this country, however enchanting in many respects!—But I must conclude for to-night; it is past eleven, and I have been travelling hard for two days.

Martigny, Sunday, Eleven o'Clock.—Again in a Catholic town, with not a single Protest-

ant, as I am told. This, my twelfth Sunday, is distressing to my mind. We have been to the Catholic church (for there is no other), and heard a sermon in French; for French is the language all through the Valais. As we entered the churchyard, we saw a priest uttering some prayers, and then sprinkling water on the people who were kneeling around. On coming into the church itself, we found it crowded with people. I asked a lady to lend me a Prayer-book; but she could not tell me, nor could I find out, where the priest was reading: one thing I suspect, that but few in the church could understand a word of the prayers—those near me were muttering their allotted Pater-nosters, without any reference to the public prayers, and, when I asked them, could give me no idea where the priest was—it did not seem to enter their minds—indeed, intelligent worship was clearly no part of the object for which the congregation was assembled. The music undoubtedly was beautiful. After half an hour, the priest gave notice that the Pope was dead, and exhorted the people

to pray for his soul, and to beg of God to grant him a worthy successor. He then read notices of Saints' days, and of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, which falls to-morrow.

Next, another priest, the prior, I believe, of the parish, ascended the pulpit, and delivered a sermon on our Lord's words, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." His subject was, The duty of restitution. After his introduction, I was surprised to observe, that he not only paused and kneeled solemnly down in the pulpit himself, but that the whole congregation knelt down also in secret prayer, before he entered on his discussion. The pause was peculiarly impressive, I assure you, and what I never saw before; though the intercession of the Virgin, undoubtedly, corrupted it sadly. The sermon was admirable, as an abstract explication of the particular duty of restitution, chiefly drawn from Chrysostom and Augustine. There was a degree of talent, a force, an acumen, a dignity in all

the preacher said which arrested attention. The whole made a powerful impression. I saw some countrywomen who stood near me in the aisle, positively quake for fear. There was nothing of Popery, properly speaking, in it—it was a good ordinary discourse on its topic. Still, it was defective, and even unscriptural, as the instruction of a Christian divine—there was not a word as to the way of obtaining pardon for our breaches of this duty; nor a word of the grace of the Holy Spirit, as necessary to assist us to keep it for the future; nor a word of the necessity of watchfulness over the corruption of the heart, as the spring of all sin and evil. Nay, he plainly said, that good works, that is, the performance of this and other moral duties, would save us, in direct contradiction to the whole tenor of the doctrine of redemption. The sermon was delivered from memory, and interspersed with striking anecdotes. When it was over, I left the church, and was surprised to find that the churchyard was filled with people, kneeling or sitting, apparently very de-

vout, though they could neither hear nor see any thing.

But this, bad as it is, is the fairer side of Popery; if you go into the complicated system of its corruptions, you find that superstition every where fills up the place of Scriptural Christianity; and that Jesus Christ is almost unknown in his holy salvation from sin and guilt. Even what is true in Popery is spoiled by the manner in which it is disfigured or curtailed; for instance, the people are not taught the ten commandments as we have them in the Bible; but an abridgment, in which the second, that is, the commandment against idolatry and image-worship, is positively left out, and the tenth divided into two; and to which are appended what are called the commandments of the church, six, I think, in number, which are given in the same form, and with the same solemnity as those of the decalogue; and are infinitely more insisted upon by the priests, and observed by the people.* The

* As many persons have doubted the fact that the second

whole foundation of what the priests inculcate is, moreover, not the authority of the inspired

commandment can really be omitted in the Popish Catechism, and the others abridged, I give the following extract, word for word, from the "Petit Catéchisme à l'Usage du Diocèse de Genève; réimprimé par ordre de Monseigneur l'Ill.me et R.me Joseph-Marie Paget, Evêque et Prince de Genève, 1822," pp. 51, 52.

Les Commandemens de Dieu.

1. Un seul Dieu tu adoreras et aimeras parfaitement.

2. Dieu en vain tu ne jureras, ni autre chose pareillement.

3. Les Dimanches tu garderas en servant Dieu dévotement.

4. Tes père et mère honoreras, afin que tu vives longuement.

5. Homicide point ne seras, de fait, ni volontairement.

6. Luxurieux point ne seras, de corps ni de consentement.

7. Le bien d'autrui tu ne prendras, ni retiendras à ton escient.

8. Faux témoignage ne diras, ni mentiras aucunement.

9. L'œuvre de chair ne désiras, qu'en mariage seulement.

10. Les biens d'autrui ne convoiteras pour les avoir injustement.

Les Commandemens de l'Eglise.

1. Les Dimanches Messe ouïras et Fêtes de commandement.

2. Les Fêtes tu sanctifieras qui te sont de commandement.

3. Quatre

revelation of God, but the authority of the church—they "teach for doctrines the commandments of men."

Then only consider the many incredible errors and superstitions, which they have by this means contrived to affix on real Christianity —pilgrimages, traditions, prayers for the dead, veneration of relics, intercession of saints, indulgences, dispensations, pretended miracles, purgatory, the sacrifice of the mass, transubstantiation, the denial of the cup to the laity, penances, auricular confession, image-worship, celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, infalli-

3. Quatre temps, Vigiles jeûneras, et le Carême entièrement.

4. Tous tes péchés confesseras à tout le moins une fois l'an.

5. Ton Créateur tu recevras au moins à Pâque humblement.

6. Vendredi chair ne mangeras, ni le Samedi pareillement.

Well may I have said in a former part of these letters (Vol. i. p. 12.) that Popery sapped all the foundations of Christian morals. The ten commandments are not only curtailed of an entire precept, but every one of the remaining nine is narrowed, altered, corrupted!

bility of general councils, supremacy of the Pope, implicit submission to the church, lost estate of heretics, prayers in an unknown tongue, tyranny over the conscience, virtual prohibition of the Bible. Such, avowedly, is Popery in itself; though many individual Roman Catholics know little about it, and are pious and simple-hearted Christians.

But amidst all these corruptions nothing seems to me so flagrantly unscriptural as the adoration of the image of the Virgin, and the trust reposed in her by the great mass of the people. I conceive this idolatry to be much more displeasing in the sight of God than the worship of the Queen of heaven, so vehemently reprobated by the prophet Jeremiah, or the prostration of the Pagans before their idols, which St. Paul and the other apostles so indignantly condemned.* Indeed, when I think of the peculiar jealousy of the infinitely glorious Jehovah on the subject of any approach to idolatry, I see in this one feature of Popery,

* See Jer. xliv. and Acts of Apostles passim.

the infallible mark of an open apostacy from the faith. The extraordinary fondness of the people for this worst part of their creed, only increases this conviction in my mind.*

O, may the time be hastened when these fatal errors shall cease, and Christ alone be again acknowledged to be Lord by all Christians! And may Protestants walk in the blessed light they enjoy, and not sink, in avoiding Popery, into the fatal gulfs of indifference, scepticism, and infidelity—the carelessness, divisions, and irreligion of professed Protestants are the scandal of Christendom. I have heard

* The Virgin Mary is, beyond all comparison, more adored than the ever-blessed God—the worship paid to her is universal in all places, and by all people. After the VIRGIN, some of the principal SAINTS seem to be the most worshipped; then our SAVIOUR; and lastly God, our heavenly FATHER. "Shocking as this may appear," proceeds the writer from whom I quote, "it is too true. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say, that throughout Italy, Spain, Portugal, and every country where the Catholic is the exclusive religion of the people, for one knee bent to God, thousands are bowed before the shrines of the Virgin and the saints."†

† Rome in the Nineteenth Century, vol. i. 22.

many, many worse sermons from Protestant pulpits than the one I have just told you of. May the blessed Spirit descend upon the universal church once more, and dispel Popish and Sceptical darkness, as he once did Jewish and Pagan! All we want is His inspiration and His Book. Send the Bible, we pray thee, O Lord, into every family, and attend it with thy sacred influences: and then truth and holiness will again flourish in the earth, the inventions of men die away, and charity become the bond of peace amongst thy disciples!

So far as I recollect, this is the first Sunday where I have found no church of any kind except the Catholic; as it is certainly the first time I have heard a French Catholic preacher. On the Grimsel there was no church at all; but every where else I have found some Protestant service, and attended it, though in German. In this town there is possibly not a creature who ever read the Bible—a large proportion of the people would not know what I meant by

that sacred Book—many would have even no idea that God has given an infallible written revelation of His will to man for his guidance and salvation.

Sunday, Two o'clock.—We have just had our English divine service; never did the prayers of our truly Protestant and Reformed Church appear to me more scriptural and more edifying, nor the Psalms and lessons more consoling and instructive, than after having witnessed the Popish ceremonies. I expounded Luke xiii. 1—5.

Lyddes, Canton of Valais, Monday Morning, Sept. 8, *Eleven o'clock.*—At half-past three this morning our guide came to call me. But the weather was dull; and we were so long deliberating whether to set out or not, that it was a quarter to six before we were on our mules. We have now gone sixteen miles on the way to the celebrated Hospice of the Great St. Bernard. Our road has been through the Valley of Entremont. For the first few miles

we were passing over the desolations occasioned by the bursting of the Dranse. It really reminded me of what the Scripture speaks of the universal deluge, when God swept away every living thing from the face of the earth. It was melancholy to see the Valley, described as once so lovely, now choked and covered with masses of rocks and heaps of sand. It has been actually necessary to make a new way in many places, and in one spot to cut a gallery or tunnel, about one hundred and fifty feet long, through the granite ruin which stopped the road. It is said, that above fifty persons perished in that calamity.

As we were going through the village of Orsieres we heard voices singing in the church, and, on entering, found it crowded with people —it is the *Nativity of the Virgin Mary*, who is, as I have said, the chief object of the Papist's devotion. All along the road the people are going or returning from mass in crowds. In Lyddes, where we now are, the mass being over, the street is filled with idle folks. Busi-

ness and labour are wholly suspended. It is curious, that all the men in these villages have coats of the same colour, a snuff brown, with large cocked military hats. If the men in these towns were taught to labour, to improve their roads, repair their hedges, and cultivate their land, instead of praying to the Virgin Mary; and if the women would mend their clothes and wash their children, and keep their houses tidy, instead of making caps and petticoats for the same lady, we Protestants cannot but think they would be better employed than they now are. But every great departure from truth is attended with accumulated moral evils in one way or other.

I forgot to tell you, that at Martigny we saw a celebrated tower, built by the Romans (for Cæsar was at Octodurum); a beautiful cascade, called the Pisse-Vache, and the fall of the Trient into the Rhone, by a crevice or fente between two rocks, so narrow as scarcely to admit of the stream to pass.

I have been much delighted here (Lyddes) with a religious admonition on the subject of eternity, printed in large letters, on a folio sheet, and hung up in the salle-à-manger; a similar paper is placed in every house in the parish; it quite relieves my mind to see some one great truth of Christianity plainly taught, and without superstition. I have obtained a copy, from which I give one extract—"Understand well the force of these words—a God—a moment—an eternity; a God who sees thee; a moment which flies; an eternity which awaits you:—a God whom you serve so ill; a moment of which you so little profit; an eternity which you hazard so rashly."* I dwell with pleasure on this paper, because after what I have been just observing, these are the things which moderate one's depression, and teach one charity towards the persons of individual Catholics. They lead us to hope that there are in the Church of Rome numbers of

* I have inserted the original paper at the end of this Letter.

humble and contrite disciples of the lowly Jesus, who substantially understand and feel the awakening truths of Christianity, who put all their confidence for salvation in the atoning blood of their Saviour, and who are guided by His Spirit in the paths of true obedience—these "do not worship the BEAST, neither his image, neither receive his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands." Rev. xx. 4.

Hospice au Grand St. Bernard, Monday Evening, Sept. 8, *Eight o'clock.*—We arrived here about five, after a journey of eleven hours —twenty-eight miles. The road became more and more wild as we ascended, till at last all vegetation seemed to have ceased. We are now at the celebrated religious Hospice of the monks of St. Augustine, of which you have heard so much. My curiosity is greatly excited; and as my sons could not conveniently take their journals with me, they entreat me to be as full as I can in my account to you. It is eight thousand three hundred and fourteen feet above the sea -the highest spot in Europe

which is inhabited all the year round. It was founded in the year 962, by St. Bernard de Meuthon, who was the provost for forty years, and died in 1008. It is on the high Alps which separate Le Valais from Piedmont; and it was, before the Simplon and Mount Cenis' roads were made and improved by Bonaparte, one of the greatest passages between Switzerland and Italy. It is still a very considerable thoroughfare, especially for the poor Piedmontese, who cross every spring to Switzerland and France for employ. This Hospice has twelve monks, and six domestics, constantly resident to receive the poor without payment, and succour the distressed traveller. They are bound to entertain these travellers for three days, and in case of illness, to nurse and attend them till they recover.

The domestics go out almost every morning during the winter, on different routes, to search for pilgrims who may have lost their way. They take with them dogs of a Spanish breed, called the St. Bernard dogs, very large

and powerful, who have a sagacity so unerring, that they discover and follow the tracks on the mountains, though covered with eight feet of snow. They go before the domestics, clearing a path with their heads and feet; and as soon as a traveller is near, they invariably smell him out, and lead the servant to him. The domestic is furnished with bread and wine; and sometimes a dog is sent out alone, with a basket tied to his neck, containing these necessaries. The number of lives saved is incredible. Last winter an old man was found quite frozen, whom they restored to life. Two other men had been carried away by an avalanche of snow, and would undoubtedly have perished but for the Hospice. One single dog has saved the lives of five persons; his name is Jupiter; there are four others, named Lion, Turk, Pallas, and Castor. We had them called to us, that we might caress them, for they are good-natured and generous animals. In the course of last year twelve thousand travellers passed some time at the Hospice. Last night there was four or five hundred per-

sons who slept here. It was a double festival. All the chambers, halls, passages, floors, were crowded with guests. The snow falls almost all the year; it freezes commonly in the morning, even during the height of summer; and the lake behind the house is frequently frozen over even in July. This afternoon the thermometer was 44; whilst yesterday at Martigny it was nearly 80. There are not above ten days in the year when the sky is perfectly clear throughout the day. Thirty horses and mules are employed nearly half the year, in fetching wood from the forests, twelve or fifteen miles from the convent.

Close to the Hospice was formerly a Roman temple, dedicated to Jupiter Penninus; on the site of which various antiquities are continually found. We were shown a large collection of them, amongst which were many medals of great value. When we first arrived, a monk, in a loose habit of black, buttoned down close in front, with a black cap, received us and showed us first into the dining-room, and then

to our chambers. Soon after another monk walked out with us, and pointed out the chief beauties around. At one place he showed us the division between Switzerland and Italy; and made us tread at the same time on both countries. He bid us mark several spots where the dogs had discovered frozen travellers, and had been the means of saving them: one he particularly pointed out, where they had discovered a peasant's family perishing in the snow; upon which one of these noble animals had contrived to take up an infant, and place it on its back, and then hastened to the Hospice, to fetch persons who might rescue the unhappy parents. The story affected us almost to tears.

It is not only the frosts and snow which create the danger, but the dreadful storms of wind, which come on quite unexpectedly and carry away the traveller. The Italian courier passed a few winters ago from Aoste to the Great St. Bernard, on a very inclement afternoon. The monks endeavoured to persuade

him to abandon all thought of going forward. He was determined to proceed. They then sent two servants with him to direct him on his way. As these did not return when they were expected, another domestic, with three dogs, was dispatched in search of them. The dogs refused to move, though they were the best of the whole number—this was the sure sign that extreme danger was on the road. However, life was at stake, and the dogs were at length forced to go. That night neither men nor dogs returned; and some days afterwards they were all discovered buried under an avalanche, about half a league from the convent, perfectly dead. To support their expenses, the monks in the summer entertain visitors, who make presents to the institution. Last Wednesday, forty strangers, mostly English breakfasted here.

At seven o'clock this evening the bell rang, and we were ushered into the salle-à-manger. I was all eagerness to observe their manners and customs. All the monks, or chanoines, as

they call themselves, were present. Latin prayers were said with much devotion; the English staring. The monks each placed one or two of us between them at the table, and an excellent supper was served up—abundant without extravagance; it consisted of soup, various hashes, and some game. The wine light, but good.

The conversation was most friendly and agreeable. I was placed next the Provost. I conceived that our hosts might be men of some theological learning, and turned the conversation to the subject of religion, and to the doctrine of Augustine, the founder of their order. I told them I agreed with that great writer in his defence of the doctrine of grace and his opposition to Pelagius, and generally in his exposition of Christian truths and duties. I added, that St. Augustine was esteemed by Protestants as one of the great lights of the church; and was constantly appealed to in their articles and confessions. The Provost immediately asked me if I was a minister of religion, and

what became of my parish during my absence. On my telling him that I was a Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, that I had been ordered to travel abroad on account of my health, and had committed my duties at home to a valuable and pious fellow-clergyman, who would discharge them with conscientious fidelity, he pursued his inquiries no further. There was an intense curiosity apparent in all he said. I assured him that all good Protestants loved their Catholic brethren who, like Nicole, and Pascal, and Fénélon, believed truly in our Saviour, and obeyed simply and humbly his commands. I added, that I hoped the time would soon come, when the Holy Spirit being poured out on Christendom, a general agreement on essential TRUTH would prevail, and a holy CHARITY as to non-essential. I could not discover, however, from his replies, that he was much acquainted with these topics. Practical benevolence seems the only business of these worthy monks, whose early education and secluded habits must leave them to the full influence of first impres-

sions. One of them, however, on the other side of the table, observing my conversation with the Provost, began to talk with me on the French preachers, and the striking Sermons of Brydayne, just published. He agreed with me, in admiring the fine, affecting appeals, which abound in this writer; but still I did not observe any distinct ideas of devotion or spiritual feeling in what he said, even in the sense of the Roman Catholic writers, though I was really quite delighted with him and my other hosts, and anxious to judge of them in the most favourable way.*

The Provost afterwards told me, that in the year 1800, Bonaparte passed the Great St. Bernard. He had sent over thirty thousand men from France to Italy, with artillery and cavalry, who were three weeks in crossing. The cannons required sixty or seventy men each to drag them up the ridge. Many horses perished in the precipices. He came himself

* See the Notice at the end of this Letter.

afterwards on a mule, for which he gave thirty louis at Martigny; it stumbled on the way, and, but for the guide catching him in his arms, he would have fallen down the precipice. He afterwards rewarded the man for his promptness, who was known ever after in the village by the name of Bonaparte. Napoleon staid two hours and a half at the Hospice; he was dark and thoughtful; said only a few words; ate of the provisions he had brought with him; accepted a little of their wine; appeared lost in silence; asked if they knew the strength of a neighbouring fort; went down to Italy, and fought the battle of Marengo! He treated the convent as well as he could; but the monks lost every thing during the war, even to their linen and furniture.

After supper, Latin grace was again said; the Provost beginning, and the other monks making responses. We retired to our rooms directly after supper. I conceive there are few institutions so valuable, in a humane point of view, as this. It is painful to think, that some

impostors went about Europe a few years since collecting alms, as they pretended, for the Hospice. They came to England, and were at Oxford. They were Piedmontese. Efforts were made by many benevolent persons to raise subscriptions for them; but the fraud was at length detected. The Provost requested us to state, that the Hospice never collects contributions, except in their own country, Switzerland. I just add, that a regular journal of the state of the weather at the Hospice, with the principal events that occur, and especially the lives saved, is published once a month in one of the periodical works at Geneva, I think the "Bibliotheque Universelle."* It is generally ob-

* As this sheet is passing through the press for a new edition, I just add the last notices from the Convent, which appeared in the "Bibliotheque," for November and December last (1824). They present a specimen of the occurrences which perpetually take place; and may serve to increase the impression, which I have endeavoured to give, of the zeal and humanity of the monks, and the importance of their services.

"*Octobre.*—Dans la nuit du 11 au 12, quoique le thermomètre ne descendit qu' à un degré au-dessous de la glace, notre lac fut cependant entièrement gelé.

served, that when the thermometer is 62° at Geneva, it is 32° here. It is impossible to keep oneself warm. My friend even found his breath a good deal affected this evening. You would be amused to see me at this moment sitting trembling with cold in my small Popish chamber, attempting to write at an old wooden desk, affixed to the wall by hinges which have this instant given way and overturned my paper, ink, and whole apparatus. But I must hurry to rest, after such a fatiguing day; it is past eleven, and I was awake between three and four this morning, and have been writing

" Le 13, un homme venant d'Aoste eut les pieds atteints d'un principe de gel.

" Le 30, un Italian arriva à l'Hospice avec quatre doigts gelés.

" *Novembre.*—Le 21, deux voyageurs étant partis d'ici assez tard, revinrent un instant après, avec un homme qu'ils avaient trouvé endormi, et qui probablement seroit mort sans cette heureuse rencontre, vû l'état de fatigue dans lequel il étoit.

" Le 27, un homme étant parti de St. Remi, à huit heures du matin par un temps tranquille, fut surpris par la tourmente à moitié montagne; il auroit infailliblement péri sans le secours du domestique, qui y fut, par hasard, à cinque heures du soir."

now nearly two hours. I wish my dear Ann and Eliza could have been here. My sweet little girl would have so liked to have seen these fine dogs, which are almost as large as heifers, and live upon a sour sort of soup, made on purpose for them; their fame is spread throughout the world, and pictures of them are multiplied. One of them, who saved twelve or thirteen persons, was stuffed after his death, and is now at Bern.*

Lyddes, half-past Twelve, Tuesday Morning.—We had a simple breakfast provided for us this morning by the monks at St. Bernard. We visited the chapel, which is neat and commodious; and my friend and I, between us, dropped, with delight, five louis d'or into the poor's box. The Hospice itself was built in 1550, and has been enlarged several times. The walls are enormously thick; the ground-floor is all arched; and the walls are strengthened by strong buttresses on the side of the

* I saw a beautiful engraving at Paris, of the dog in the act of saving the infant; as mentioned above, p. 25.

lake. In the chapel is a monument erected to the memory of General Dessaix, by Bonaparte. Our chambers were convenient—the furniture old—the beds good—the windows with double glass sashes—crucifixes in the rooms. The Provost, or head of the convent, together with the Prior, breakfasted with us; the rest of the monks had each a pewter dish of soup, which they ate standing. We again saw our friends the dogs before we went; two are of a brown speckled colour, and three white, with fawn ears: their heads are very large; enormous teeth; necks thick, and with flesh hanging down like a bull's; front feet amazingly strong; they stand very high upon their legs; the haunches and hind legs are like those of hounds; they add to all their other qualities, that of being excessively gentle.

Thus have we visited this remarkable establishment, which has afforded us more pleasure, perhaps, than any thing we have seen during our whole journey. Two or three hundred years of uniform and laborious be-

neficence have raised this convent to an unequalled height of celebrity. The monks seldom are able to live many years at St. Bernard. The Provost was going down to the lower lands to-day. The Hospice is very damp for a considerable part of the year. Some attempts are making to raise a fund for rebuilding it. Winter will set-in in ten days. Sometimes all the domestics, all the dogs, and all the monks, are out in the middle of the night for hours, when travellers are in particular danger; and it has happened, that an avalanche, as I have said, has carried them all away, without the possibility of their being succoured.

One building which the monks showed us was the Chapel of the Bone-House—an apartment where the bodies found in the snow are deposited, in order to be owned by their friends. The good monks perform the funeral service, indiscriminately, over all that they find; and the cold is so intense, that it is many years before the bodies are dried up; for de-

composition seldom takes place. We looked through the sad grating of the room, and distinctly saw the heaps of bodies, like mummies, covering all the place; it was a melancholy sight. The benevolence and courage of this kind fraternity amount, therefore, to a sort of devotion quite extraordinary. This is the only convent which Bonaparte spared. It is curious, that by this same route, by which Bonaparte invaded Italy, Hannibal is supposed, by some, to have led the Carthaginian forces, for a similar design, two thousand years ago. Such are the vicissitudes of human glory and ambition!

Martigny, Six o'clock, Wednesday Morning.—We returned here last night at seven, and found one of our carriages sent, as we had requested, to meet us from Lausanne. Thus has our second little tour to Chamouny of eight days terminated. The weather has been most fine the whole time. We have seen some of the greatest curiosities in Switzerland and Savoy: the Valley of the Cluse, Cha-

mouny, Mont Blanc, the Mer de Glace, and above all, the Great St. Bernard. We might now return to Lausanne in a day; but we are tempted to make a détour into Northern Italy: we are only about three days' journey from Milan; whither our kind fellow-traveller wishes us to accompany him, on his way to Rome. We are going off then, not on mules, but in the carriage with post horses, towards this splendid city. May God be pleased to direct, over-rule, and bless this extension of our journey, to the further instruction of our minds and establishment of our healths!

Sion, Wednesday Noon, Sept. 10.—This is the capital of the Valais—two thousand five hundred inhabitants. A most ancient city; the Romans found it already a considerable place, when they first penetrated into Helvetia. We arrived here at half-past ten to dinner. The road has been beautiful, between the rocks which crown each side of the valley. Any one of this range would form an object of extreme interest; but we are here so surrounded with

beauty and grandeur, that it is impossible to dwell on the details.

Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon, 70 miles from Martigny, Seven o'clock, Wednesday Evening.—We have arrived here, after twelve hours' driving. We have come post. By voituriers we should have been two days and a half. At Sion, where we dined, I went to see the Cathedral and the Church of the Jesuits (for they have been restored), who have the direction of the education here; they have built a new church within these three years. I met several of the young Jesuits in the streets. We eyed each other with mutual surprise. They were quite young men, florid, intelligent, firm in their look. They wear the clerical dress. The most striking proof perhaps of their spirit is, that there is not one bookseller in Sion; no, nor is there one in all the Canton of the Valais, though containing an hundred thousand souls. The fact seems incredible; but I was solemnly assured of it by the printer at Sion, to whom the guide took me when I inquired for the

bookseller's. This printer, by the by, is allowed to work only under the direction of the Jesuits, and prints nothing but books of Catholic devotion.

After leaving Sion we passed the Diablerets Mountains, where éboulements are often falling: two in 1714 and 1749, ravaged the neighbouring valley. An old man lived three months there in his overwhelmed cottage, before he could effect his escape. The agriculture of this lovely valley is sadly neglected; all is left to wild nature. The Rhone is not banked; the lands are not drained; a large part of the valley is a marsh, The vines are, however, so far attended to, that terraces are formed for their creeping up the mountains to an extreme height. The number of villages and private houses built in the most romantic situations, on the sides of the mountains, is very great, and strikingly beautiful. They seem like nests built by birds. On the utmost heights are often raised small chapels; to which processions are made in crowds, on certain festi-

vals, by the poor superstitious people of this Canton.

On the whole, this valley, the largest in Switzerland, reaching from Geneva to the Glacier of the Rhone, and bounded by chains of diversified mountains, with snowy Alps perpetually rising above them, fertile beyond conception, and watered by the Rhone, has more than equalled all our expectations, except as the folly and vice of man have impeded the bounties of a kind Providence. The inhabitants are proverbially indolent, negligent, and dirty. No branch of trade flourishes. Even as to agriculture, they are far behind their neighbours. Their fertile plains are left exposed to the inundations of the Rhone. The Canton is exclusively Catholic. The doctrine of the Reformers had gained many adherents in the sixteenth century; but early in the seventeenth they were all banished. Education is neglected. Every thing seems on the worst footing.

The day has been most fine, and nothing but the dust has annoyed us. The goîtres now are quite distressing; we have seen some literally hanging down upon the breasts of the sufferers. The thermometer has been about 80°. We have had to regret the indisposition of our friend, who has been attacked with pain in his face; my dear sons and myself are quite well.

May God fill our hearts with some sense of his manifold bounties and goodness! The lessons we have the opportunity of learning are most numerous and most important. This deplorable Canton speaks for itself to all who are in love with Jesuits and bad government.

I am your affectionate,

D. W.

Notice

Of Prayers at Great St. Bernard.*

A friend has given me a copy of the following beautiful hymn to the Holy Spirit, which he translated from the Latin prayer-book of the Great St. Bernard, probably composed from some of the writings of St. Augustine, the founder of their order:

"Come, Holy Spirit, and send from Heaven a ray of thy light! Come, thou father of the poor, thou giver of gifts, thou light of the world, the blessed comforter, the sweet guest of the soul, and its sweet refreshment; thou, our repose in labour, our coolness in heat, our comfort in affliction! Oh, most blessed Spirit, fulfil the hearts of thy faithful people! Without thy influence there is nothing in man which is not weakness and guilt. Oh, cleanse that which is sordid; bedew that which is dried up; heal that which is wounded; bend that

* Referred to p. 29

which is stubborn; cherish in thy bosom that which is cold; guide that which is wandering; and grant unto thy servants, putting their trust in thee, the merit of thy righteousness; grant them final salvation, grant them everlasting joy! O Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto thee!"

In this sublime and affecting prayer, there is not an expression in which the devout Protestant would not heartily join, except, perhaps, that which implores of the Holy Spirit, "the merit of his righteousness," which savours of the sentiment embraced by St. Augustine, and held till the period of the Reformation, that justification was a habit of grace infused into the soul—an error, however, which, when united with an exclusive trust in the forgiving mercy of God, through the death of Christ, for everlasting salvation, cannot be thought to be fundamental.

I add another prayer from the same offertory, free from any savour of superstition; the

expressions concerning our Lord's body being warranted by the terms of Scripture, though they may be open to abuse, and are, in fact, abused, as we know, by the Catholic interpreters:

"O blessed Lord Jesus Christ, I pray that thy most holy name may be the last word that my mouth shall ever utter! O gracious Jesus, I pray that thy most sacred body may be my last refreshment, and the sustenance which I shall enjoy and feed upon for ever! O gracious Lord, I pray that my last sigh may be the last pain I shall endure to all eternity! O gracious Lord, I pray that thy most blessed face may be the first object which my soul shall behold, when it is released from this mortal body! O gracious Lord, I pray that thou thyself wouldest be my guide and my companion from this land of exile, to my eternal home and country! Amen!"

Religious Admonition at Lyddes.*

" Hommes pécheurs, vous mourrez; soyez toujours prêts; vous mourrez quand vous y penserez le moins; et le moment fatal de votre mort décidera de votre eternité. Considérez, méditez, pensez attentivement cette terrible parole: Eternite.

" O Eternité, seule digne de nos pensées et de nos soins! Seule oubliée et négligée de la plupart des hommes! Qui donnera à mes yeux une source abondante de larmes, pour déplorer un si funeste aveuglement! O Eternité ineffable, Eternité incomprehensible, qui mesurera ta profondeur? Qui sondera tes abîmes? Des millions de siécles, redoublés autant de fois qu'il y a d'atômes dans ce vaste univers, ne sont rien au prix de l'Eternité. Après ces révolutions de siècles innombrables, il restera

Referred to p. 20.

encore une Eternité toute entière. L'Eternité seule ne passera jamais. L'heureux état de l'ame juste, qui régnera éternellement avec Dieu dans le délicieux séjour du Paradis! L'affreux désespoir du damné, qui brûlera éternellement avec des démons dans les flammes dévorantes de l'Enfer! Suspendu pour peu de temps entre ces deux eternités, l'une ou l'autre va devenir votre partage. Tant que DIEU sera DIEU, vous glorifierez, ou sa miséricorde dans la Jérusalem céleste, ou sa justice dans ces etangs de soufre et de feu, où il n'y aura que pleurs et grincement de dents. Perdre Dieu, perdre une eternité bienheureuse, pour un plaisir honteux, quelle folie! Etre insensible à cette perte, quelle stupidité! Malheur à qui ne concevra l'importance de cette perte, que quand il la sentira et qu'elle sera irréparable!

"Veillez-donc. Priez sans cesse. N'oubliez jamais les quatre fins: LA MORT, qui est la porte de l'Eternité; LE JUGEMENT, qui décide de l'Eternité; L'ENFER, qui est le séjour de la

malheureuse Eternité; LE PARADIS, qui est le séjour de la bienheureuse Eternité.

" Travaillez avec crainte, avec tremblement, à la grande affaire, à l'unique affaire de votre Eternité. La figure de ce monde passe, la mort approche, l'Eternité vous attend. Heureux, si préférablement à tout le reste, vous pensez à l'Eternité, vous souffrez pour l'Eternité, vous combattez pour l'Eternité; afin de régner à jamais dans la bienheureuse Eternité.

" Il est temps, ame ingrate, de retourner à Dieu. Si le sang de Jésus Christ n'eut arrêté le bras vengeur de son Père, où en serais-tu? Un seul péché mortel suffirait pour te perdre éternellement. Hâte-toi d'appaiser la colère du ciel par la pénitence. Le passé n'est plus; l'avenir n'est pas en ton pouvoir, et le présent n'est qu'un moment qui t'est donné pour servir Dieu et gagner l'Eternité. Conçois bien la force de ces mots: un Dieu—un moment—une Eternité! Un Dieu qui te voit; un moment

qui t'échappe; une eternité qui t'attend! Un Dieu qui tu sers si mal: un moment dont tu profites si peu; une Eternité que tu risques si témérairement!

" O mon Dieu, Père des miséricordes! J'ai un regret sincère de vous avoir offensé. Je vous adore avec la plus humble soumission. Je crois en vous et en l'Eternité. J'éspère en vous, et de vous une heureuse Eternité. Je vous aime de tout mon cœur, et je veux vous aimer durant toute l'Eternité. Brûlez, frappez, tranchez, ne m'épargnez point dans le temps, pourvu que vous m'épargniez dans l'Eternité. Accordez moi, Dieu Tout-puissant et infiniment bon, les graces qui me sont nécessaires pour vous servir si fidèlement pendant ma vie, que je vous possède dans l'Eternité. Ainsi soit-il!"

" Annos æternos in mente habui, et meditatus sum nocte cum corde meo, et exercitabar et scopebam spiritum meum."

LETTER XIII.

Simplon, Sept. 11.—*Milan, Sept.* 14, 1823.

Brieg—Simplon—Road—Persal—Descent into Italy—Domo d'Osola—Priests—Contrast between Switzerland and Italy—Lago Maggiore—Borromean Isles—Colossal Statue of Borromeo—Milan—Scale of Vegetation on Alps—Marble Cathedral—St. Ambrose—St. Austin.

Brieg, 296 miles from Lausanne, Sept. 11, 1823, *Thursday Morning, half-past Five.*

THIS town of Brieg, my dear Sister, is of considerable extent; I should think it has three hundred houses; it is about two thousand feet above the sea. It is one of the most beautiful spots in all the Valais. The Jesuit's church is conspicuous, being covered

with a brilliant green stone, striped with bright yellow. The houses of the place are tiled with a white slate glittering like silver. When the sun gilds the mica-roofs, the view from the windows of the inn which is on a hill, is quite novel. It is here that the celebrated road of the Simplon properly begins, though it may be said to commence as far back as Geneva; the road from Geneva to Brieg having been widened and improved, at the same time that it was carried on over the Alps to Italy. Simplon is the name of a village on a mountain of the Haut Valais, in the chain of Alps between Switzerland and Italy. The road was begun by Bonaparte in 1801; he employed thirty thousand men upon it for four or five years. The side next to the Valais was executed by French engineers; that next to Italy, by Italian. These last had the greatest difficulties to surmount, from the hardness of the rocks. It is twenty-five feet wide everywhere—a prodigious work, rivalling the labours of ancient Rome. The highest point is six thousand one hundred and seventy-four feet above the sea, and the

ascent is only of about two inches and a half in six feet, a rise so gradual as to be easy to the heaviest waggons.

Persal on the Simplon, half past Ten.—We have now come the first stage on this celebrated road, which is gentle in its rise beyond all conception; and as smooth as our Bath road. The plan in forming it was adjusted with such skill and care, by following the sides of mountains, as always to preserve the same gradual ascent. Large portions of the road were made by blowing up rocks, and building terraces from the valleys, with bridges over the ravines. Granite stones are placed at short intervals on each side, with strong railing on the edge of precipices. The prospects, as you ascend, are soft and pleasing. The valleys and the town of Breig stretching before the view at an immense distance below, varying with the different turns of the scenery, form a new and enchanting picture at every tenth step. The mountains of firs form a sort of back ground. The conception and execution of this road, re-

flect an honour on the name of Bonaparte, which all his military schemes never deserved. Every traveller of every country, forgetting his ambitious motives, applauds the ingenuity, hardihood, and usefulness of the enterprise.

Domo d'Osola, in the Valley of Osola, Six o'clock, Thursday Evening.—We have now passed the remainder of the Simplon. It really rises in my estimation. Not only is the road of a convenient width and excellent smoothness, but ten or twelve refuges are built for travellers overtaken by bad weather. In one of these we dined, at half-past ten. We had boiled mutton, roast veal, potatoes, salad, and very good light wine for four of us, for eight francs, about eighteen pence a piece. In continuing our route we had the Alps constantly in view. There are six or eight tunnels, or galleries, cut through solid rocks, to form part of the road; one gallery is six hundred and eighty-three feet long; with enormous windows opened in the rude granite to give light on the path. I observed at another place four beautiful cascades falling down the cliffs, which are car-

ried under the road by aqueducts. Bonaparte began a new Hospice: it has fourteen windows in front, and five on each side. The work has stood still since 1814. An immense pillar of granite lies neglected along the road, in another part, designed for his triumphal arch at Milan. It attests, in the most affecting manner, the total change which his fall instantly occasioned. Not a creature has cared to remove it out of the way, or apply it to any other purpose. We were six hours and a half in attaining the highest point of the road. The zig-zags which it takes, to preserve the gentle ascent, are surprising.

After passing the village of Simplon, we began to descend towards Italy through a valley magnificently and sublimely rude. The horrors of the impending rocks—the immense masses broken off by the storms, and lying scattered around—the perpendicular crags of their lofty sides—united with the infinite variety which reigns in every part, really penetrated my mind

with astonishment; accustomed as I have lately been to unusual grandeur in the works of nature. Then the descent is so gradual, that we drove a fast trot all the way. In short, it would be worth while taking a journey to see this country, if there were no beautiful road; and it would be almost worth while taking the journey to see the road, if there were no beautiful country: the combination of the two is unequalled, as I suppose, in the world. At four we entered Italy, properly so called, for on the continent, Savoy is commonly considered as part of Italy. The name of the first Italian village is San Marco.

The plain of the Valley of Osola is beautiful. It is the first Italian plain we have seen; it differs from the Swiss, in its greater fertility, softness, and beauty; the meadows are more rich, the trees in finer verdure. The town of Domo d'Osola has about three thousand inhabitants. There is no bookseller in the place —I mark this fact, where it occurs, as imply-

ing a thousand consequences—the public mind is bound down in imperturbable ignorance and self-satisfaction. As we passed Isella, the second village in Italy, our baggage was searched; and the officer told us plainly, the objects he looked after were books of religion and politics—morals are left to themselves.

On driving into the town, I was surprised to see priests, in their peculiar dress, but somewhat shabbily attired, standing about idly, or sitting in the market-place, at the doors of cabarets, in company with the common people. Their jovial, careless sort of look, struck me as characteristic of the manners of too many of that order of persons in Italy.* The chief

* A late traveller in Sicily gives the following report: "The manners of the clergy are lax—monks are seen playing at billiards together, whilst dinner is being prepared—priests and priors sit at the gates of the coffee-houses, or take an airing *en calèche*, or eat ices with elegantly attired females." He adds a trait, almost too horrible to quote, of superstition allied to the deepest enormity: "A Palma, deux religieux avoient assassiné leur prieur avec des raffinemens de cruauté qui excitaient une indignation générale;

church here is of modern Greek architecture; there are three altogether, and about fifteen priests. A convent of Capuchins, suppressed by Napoleon, has just been restored. When we asked the innkeeper what curiosities there were in the town, he said there was only a Calvary—a chapel, or temple, on some mountain, with a superstitious representation of our Saviour's passion—a trait perfectly conclusive as to the general state of opinions and information in the place.

We are now in Italy. But, how fallen! How melancholy is it to think of the actual condition of this Queen of nations! Ignorance, poverty, indolence, vice, superstition, misery, are but too visible on all sides. Half the time, in fact, which God assigned to man for labour,

l'un des assassins avait chanté une messe de *requiem* devant le corps et pour le repos de l'ame de sa victime."* What must the general standard of morals be in such a country!

* See Extracts from *Les Souvenirs de la Sicile, par M. le Comte de Forbin,* in Le Mercure du dix-neuvième Siècle, for 1823.

is consumed in superstitious festivals of Saints; whilst the one day of sacred rest is desecrated to folly and sin. All this is the more deplorable, when compared with the beauty of the country itself. The air is delicious—the balmy atmosphere soothes and enchants you. Then the recollections also of past glory rush upon the mind. Italy is associated with all our earliest learning. It is the country of poets, and artists, and orators, and warriors. Scarcely a spot is to be found that has not been the theatre of some celebrated action. The stupendous ruins which adorn it, impress the mind with lofty ideas of the skill and perseverance of man, and at the same time teach us the perishableness and vanity of all his works. The towns are famed for the conspicuous characters to whom they have given birth: whilst Rome—once the mistress of the Pagan world; then the first see of the Christian church; and lastly, the source of the gross western apostacy from the faith—gives a deep interest to the whole country where it is situated. I confess, a mixed feeling possesses my mind, for which I

cannot distinctly account. Curiosity, surprise, veneration, sorrow, fear, compassion, all have a part. Though I am not going to Rome, yet I seem to share all the emotions of travelling for the first time in Italy—and the impression is deeper from the country I have just left.

In Switzerland, all was the grandeur and majesty of nature; in Italy, it is the splendour and perfection of architecture. In the one, the towns were of themselves nothing; in the other, they are every thing. In Switzerland, the modern efforts for religion and liberty, and the fine spirit of the inhabitants, attract your chief attention; in Italy, the ancient memorials of past power, and the remains of science and literature. In Switzerland, you connect the works of nature with the men; in Italy, the men with the works, not of nature, but of art. The Swiss have for five centuries been raising their poor and desolate country, by their industry and good government, to be the praise of Europe; the Italians have for twelve centuries been depressing, by their indolence and

bad administration, the most fertile and luxuriant, to be its reproach. Switzerland, in short, is the land of freedom and of the purest form of Christianity; Italy, of slavery and of the most corrupt state of the Christian doctrine. But I am indulging in an endless strain of reflection.

To return. The vines are here very different, in point of luxuriance and beauty, from those of the Rhine or of Switzerland; they are raised on treillises, often of granite, and always in regular order, high enough to form arbours; so that the grass or corn grows beneath, and the field is one bower. Where this is not the case, you have beech, maple, or peach trees hung with vines, joined from tree to tree by branches, suspended on ropes; at other places, the terraces rise, loaded with vines, all up the mountain-side. The view of the rich black grapes, hanging under the treillis-work, is incomparably beautiful. We were, perhaps, a little partial in our judgment, because the grapes of Switzerland, when we left it, were as

hard as stones; whereas here the branches hang in rich, ripe clusters everywhere, so that our postillion, as he walks up a hill, or a boy conducting us to a sight, gathers large bunches unasked, and brings them to us. I conceive, that Italy must be something like to ancient Palestine, though doubtless much inferior to it.

Arona, 41 *miles from Domo d'Osola, Eight o'clock, Friday Evening, Sept.* 12.—The weather is most propitious. We have had only one wet day* since the storm on the Righi: to-day there has been a soft delightful temperature, without excessive heat. We set off at seven this morning, and have been travelling a great way by the margin of the lovely Italian lake, called Lago Maggiore; its waters are smooth as a mirror, so as to reflect every thing on its banks; towns on each side, mountains in varied outline, crowning the prospect—the near scenery soft and lovely, the distant bold and

magnificent. It is, in some parts, one thousand eight hundred feet deep. Eels abound in it, of the weight of thirty pounds.

From Baveno, we embarked to visit the Borromean Isles, so called from the ancient Italian family which possesses and has adorned them. They are two, Isola Bella and Isola Madre. The principal one is a mile and a half round; originally a barren rock, but now covered with gardens, grottos, and terraces, raised on arches and arcades. In some parts the arches are ten stories high, one over another, raised from the lower part of the rock to the highest terrace; which is one hundred and twenty feet above the surface of the Lake, and forty feet square. A pegasus placed on the summit gives the whole island something of the appearance of a pyramid. The aspect of these arches and terraces from the road was most beautiful—there was something quite novel in the view of the mass of gardens and buildings rising at once out of the water, as by enchantment.

Nor were we disappointed when we came nearer. We saw in the gardens, cedars, myrtle trees, cypresses of enormous girth, aloes, Egyptian grapes, serpentine cucumbers a yard and a half long; a plant from the Canaries, which grew twenty-four feet high in thirty-two days; but the most abundant species of trees were the citrons, which lined the walls of the terraces, and had large cabbages planted at their roots, to protect them from the intense heat of the sun. There were also vines, olives, and orange trees in profusion. More than thirty thousand oranges and citrons are gathered every year. In the time when the gardens are in flower, the sweet perfume spreads for a considerable distance over the Lake. The fragrance was most gratifying to-day, though it is as late in the year as the middle of September. Fountains and statues refresh and adorn every part of the grounds. In short, these islands are the model of perfection in their way—which way, indeed, has been out of taste for about a century, and is undoubtedly stiff and unnatural; but still, they reward one

richly for the trouble of a visit. Some of the prospects from the islands, on the Lake and the bordering villages and mountains, are exquisite. The heights of the Simplon and the peaks of Mount Rosa and Saint Gothard may be discerned from them. The Borromean Palace, in each island, is an emblem of Italian finery and negligence. The wings of the principal one are completed; but the body is nothing but bare walls. I understand this is almost general in Italy; the nobles build, or rather begin to build, immense houses—they half finish them—they soon allow them to decay and go to ruin; a complete well-appointed mansion is rare in this country.

In approaching this town of Arona, where I am now writing, we ascended a hill to examine a colossal statue of Cardinal Charles Borromeo, an eminent benefactor to Milan, and founder of the Sunday Schools still existing there; he died in the year 1584. The statue itself is seventy-two feet high—twelve times the natural size, and five or six times as high,

I think, as that of the Duke of Bedford in London—the pedestal thirty-six feet. The arm is twenty-eight feet long, the head twenty feet round, the nose two feet seven inches long, the circuit of the cloak fifty-four feet, &c. &c. The attitude is that of one blessing the people. The right hand is raised gently, the left clasps the Breviary* (which is thirteen feet high); the head is bare; the countenance most benignant; the garments those of a cardinal, in easy, flowing drapery. So admirably natural is the whole, that you have no idea of its enormous dimensions on first looking at it. It is curious that we thought we discovered a likeness between the Cardinal and the present Count Borromeo, whom we happened to meet as we landed on his island: the resemblance in the nose seemed to us to be striking. The head, feet, and hands of this Colossus are made of bronze; the body of copper; the pedestal is of stone. There are no steps within the pedestal, as you might expect; but my sons had to

* So the guide-books call it—for my part, I hope it is the BIBLE.

ascend by a ladder from the outside to the part of the statue where the fold of the cloak falls. Under this bronze fold they entered, and then ascended to the head of the figure, and sat with ease in the nostrils. A stone pillar with iron spikes fixed in it, by way of stairs, runs up the interior of the statue to support it. I really quite trembled as they went up the quivering ladder of forty-eight steps; and when they entered the statue, and afterwards looked out to me from a kind of door which opened in the back of it, a hundred feet above my head (half as high as the Monument in London), I was really alarmed. Thank God, they came down safe.

The inns in Italy are contrived for delight. We are now sitting with our windows open; flower-pots are placed in every nook; grapes hang all around in rich clusters; open galleries and platforms conduct from one part of the house to another; the floors are all brick or stone; the rooms are lofty; and if they were but clean, all would be well. We have now

the finest fruit at breakfast and dinner, and good light wines at a franc a bottle. The people are of a copper colour. The women wear handkerchiefs over their heads like veils. At Domo d'Osola, the streets had two narrow slips of smooth flags in the middle, for the wheels of carriages, the rest being rough pebbles. We are under stricter police laws than ever; our passports are sent for at every town, as soon as we enter; and we have a license for post-horses which we have to show at each stage. Such is the liberty of the Sardinian and Austrian dominions in Italy.

There are about three thousand people in this town of Arona, six churches and forty priests, with sixty monks; no bookseller—compare this with the state of English towns of the same extent—Banbury for instance; where there is one church and one clergyman, but large schools, numerous benevolent institutions, and perhaps a dozen booksellers. Italy swarms with monks and ignorance.

The Borromean motto is "*Humilitas;*" which is inscribed even on each flower-pot of the superb garden in the Islands, and on the picture of the Ascension of St. Borromeo to Heaven, in the church of what is called the Sacred Mount, where the stupendous statue is placed; on the ascent to which Mount, by the by, there are six or more chapels dedicated to the same saint. I asked the waiter here, quite accidentally, if they were all Catholics at Arona; he looked at me with astonishment, and said, yes:—perceiving his surprise, I told him I was an Englishman and a Protestant, and that the English believed in Jesus Christ their Saviour, though they did not believe in the Pope; at which the man seemed more astonished still. Such slight circumstances as these, serve at least to betray the habits of thought in the common people in Italy. All is sealed up in impenetrable ignorance and superstition. I suppose, if I had attempted ever so mildly to convince him of the errors of Popery, I should soon have heard of it from the police.

Milan, Saturday Evening, half-past Eight, Sept. 13, 44 *miles from Arona, about* 1950 *miles from London.*—We set off this morning at half-past seven, and came to Sesto Calende, on the Tesin. It was near this town that Hannibal is thought to have conveyed his elephants across the river and defeated the Romans, three hundred years before Christ.

The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom of the Emperor of Austria begins here. Happily our passports were signed by the Austrian ambassador before we left Bern, or we should have had to retrace our steps; several Englishmen, for want of this formality, have actually been compelled to return. We dined at Cascenia at half-past eleven, and entered Milan at half-past three. The country through which we passed is flat, and wretchedly cultivated, but fertile. The pastures are often excellent. The grass is regularly cut four times a year. The tenants pay no rent in money for their farms, but divide the returns with their landlord. Ploughing is performed by oxen. The agricul-

tural instruments are deplorable; and the inhabitants are generally poor. Many of the churches have small square towers, very lofty, with six or seven stories, and windows in each. The towns are slovenly and dirty beyond all description: one would think there was scarcely a comfortable house in them.

In coming down to Sesto, we had a noble view of Mount Rosa, with its perpetual snows, which appeared higher than any Alp we had seen, on account of the low situation of the plain from which we viewed it. It was with regret we took leave, for a time, of these magnificent scenes. I should have told you, that in Savoy, the women were the chief labourers in the fields. I saw, several times, a plough guided by a woman; who with one hand held the plough, and with the other drove a miserable lean cow, which drew it through the dusty land.

I will just say, about the Alps generally (for I expect now to have to quit the subject),

that the line where the SNOW rests on them perpetually is from eight thousand four hundred and fifty, to nine thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea; the line where FIR-TREES and FLOWERS flourish, six thousand: the lowest line where CORN will grow, three thousand seven hundred and fifty; and where VINES can be cultivated, one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet. Thus the same mountains exhibit every variety of product. Their heads are craggy, inaccessible, without the possibility of vegetation; their bases are covered with rich corn-fields, or luxuriant pastures; the middle consists of pastures less productive, interspersed with a great variety of plants. The summits, in fact, are doomed to all the rigors of an Icelandic winter; whilst at their feet, one enjoys the warmth of an Italian sun.

There is something very instructive in this scale of vegetation—for I must moralize for a moment. The degree of the sun's heat regulates every thing in the natural world. All is

sterile as it recedes from it. May we not say, in like manner, as to the moral world, that fruitfulness in holy love and obedience is just in proportion as our principles and habits place us under the vivifying influences of grace? The nearer we approach to the centre of all warmth and life, the more fruitful: as we recede, all withers and dies. My main quarrel with Popery and with merely nominal Protestantism is, that they conceal and exclude the genial light and heat of the "Sun of Righteousness," and substitute a cold, freezing superstition or indifference in its stead. Christ our Lord is to the moral world, what the glorious orb of day is to the natural—the source and fountain of life and growth and joy.

But to return to our route to Milan—We were much surprised to find more than one large church built in the midst of the fields, with not a house near; and, therefore, apparently for the travelling peasants in passing from town to town. This may, perhaps, be an excusable trait of superstition; a trait of another

kind we discovered at dinner. The waiter asked us three francs each for some cold meat, wine, and fruits; we hesitated. Upon which an English gentleman told us, we had only to give him two francs each, and one for himself, and he would be content; the rogue took the money without a word.

Milan, where we now are, is considered, next to Rome and Naples, one of the largest cities of Italy.* It was the ancient Mediolanum; and was founded as early as Tarquinius Priscus, 670 years before Christ. It was the capital of Bonaparte's kingdom of Italy, and it is now the joint-capital with Venice† of the Italian dominions of the Emperor of Austria. It has nearly one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; the outer wall is ten miles in circuit, and it is one of the very few great cities not built on a river. The Adda and Tesin,

* Milan is about ten miles in circumference; Naples fifteen, besides seven large suburbs, and contains 450,000 inhabitants; Rome is thirteen miles, within the circuit of its walls.

† Milan and Venice are placed on a par with each other.

however, communicate with it by canals. We are at the Royal Hotel, and are extremely well accommodated. The landlord tells us that his servants have, during the last nine years, perfectly learned the English taste.

Immediately after our arrival, we hastened to see the celebrated Cathedral, built of white marble, the grandest and most imposing specimen of Gothic architecture now remaining; and the finest church in Europe, after St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's at London. It is also the largest in Italy, next to St. Peter's. It is four hundred and forty-nine feet long, two hundred and seventy-five wide, and two hundred and thirty-eight high. It was begun in 1386, and is yet unfinished; but, strange to say, Bonaparte did more to complete it in a few years, than had been done in three hundred previous—or than will be done, perhaps, in three hundred to come.

This noble edifice, as you first approach it, bursts upon the eye most majestically. The

façade is magnificent, and the three other sides are hardly inferior. The immense mass of perfectly white marble, of which it is built, its amazing size, the labour manifest in its several parts, and the exquisite finish of the ornaments and statues which adorn it, fill the mind of a stranger with admiration. We gained the best idea of the beauties of its alabaster walls by going up on the roof, which is itself covered with slabs of marble. We then saw quite closely the fret-work, the carving, and the sculpture, and marked the grace of the figures, and the symmetry and elegance of each pinnacle. Above the dome there rises an elegant tower, like an obelisk. We walked up stairs of marble, we leaned on balustrades of marble, we passed through galleries of marble; whilst the walls were literally studded with statues, and every niche filled with its archbishop or saint—there are in all more than four thousand figures. The fact is, as marble is obtained with ease and in great abundance in Italy, and admits of nicer workmanship than stone, the full benefit has been taken of

these advantages. The interior of the building, however, is obscured with dust and smoke, and incense, and burning lamps; so that it does not look nearly so handsome as the outside. The smallness of the windows, and the paintings on the glass, also tend to increase the general gloomy appearance.

The statue of St. Bartholomew, within the cathedral, is considered as a chef-d'œuvre—but the subject is frightful—the martyr is represented just in the act of being flayed alive—the skin hangs down loose like a garment behind him. Two pulpits in the choir much pleased us. They are of fine bronze, each running round an immense pillar, like a gallery; one is supported with admirable figures of Cyprian, Ambrose, Austin, and Jerome; and the other, by the four mysterious animals of Ezekiel. The tomb of Carlo Borromeo is most splendid. It is a room of silver gilt, and contains a superb altar, and the history, in bas-relief, of the chief events of his life—beyond conception magnificent. The shrine is

of rock crystal. The summit of the tower of the cathedral presents a beautiful and extensive view of the city and plain of Milan; with its rivers, gardens, groves, vineyards, and numerous towns; bounded by the neighbouring Alps, and more remote Apennines.

Still all is an entire flat; the *plain of fair Italy*. In this respect, Switzerland, dear Switzerland, far surpasses it. As we approached Milan, a small hedge in the road was sufficient to conceal the whole of the place from us. The town has some fine streets, with handsome foot-pavements; but as it is very ancient, most of the streets are narrow, and irregularly built. Its superb private edifices and palaces are but few; in these it yields, not only to Rome and Genoa, but to Florence. I observe all is done to keep out the heat: the shops have no windows; curtains hang on the outside of the doors; the people come out chiefly in the evening; and on great festivals they ascend the roof of their cathedral, and pass their evenings in the coolness which it furnishes. The streets

have two single rows of flags, in the middle, for the wheels of the carriages, and sometimes double sets. The windows have three shutters: first, Venetian; then glass; then, on the inside, wood, to exclude the hot air.

Sunday Morning, Sept. 14.—This is one of my melancholy Sundays. An immense Catholic town of one hundred and fifty thousand souls—the ecclesiastical apparatus enormous; about two hundred churches, eighty convents,* and one hundred religious houses—compare this with the Protestant establishments of Birmingham or Manchester, which fall as far short of what such a crowded population fairly demands, as the Milan establishment exceeds it. We might surely learn something in England of the duty of greater zeal and attention to our pure form of Christianity, from the excessive diligence of the Catholics in their corrupt superstitions.

* One hundred and fourteen convents are said to have been suppressed by Napoleon.

I feel a peculiar veneration for Milan on two accounts: St. Ambrose, whom Milner dwells on with such commendations, was the light of this city in the fourth century; Carlo Borromeo, whose benevolence exceeds all description, was Archbishop here in the sixteenth. This last I know at present little of; but Ambrose was one of the most humble and spiritual of the fathers of the church, two or three centuries before Popery, properly speaking, began. In this city Ambrose preached; it was here Austin heard him, attracted by the fame of his eloquence.* It was here also, that Angilbertus, Bishop of Milan in the ninth century, refused to own the supremacy of the Pope; indeed, the church of Milan did not submit to the Roman see till two hundred years afterwards. May God raise up another Ambrose to purify and recall the city and churches, which he instructed thirteen or fourteen centuries ago! Nothing is impossible with God; but Popery seems to infatuate this

* See Notice at the end of this Letter, p. 80.

people. On the church of Milan notices are affixed, that whoever causes a mass to be said there, may deliver any one he chooses from purgatory. In the mean time, this debasing superstition goes hand in hand with secret infidelity and unblushing vice.

But once more adieu. May God make me prize more the essence of Christianity, and dwell less on those adventitious circumstances which are so soon carried to excess, or converted to superstition! The Gospel in its simplicity, power, holiness, and love, is all in all. Here we cannot be too earnest, too fervent, too watchful. Other things are valuable as they promote this, and only as they do so. If they obscure or supersede what they ought to aid and adorn, they become pernicious and even destructive.

I am yours,

D. W.

Notice

Of St. Ambrose.*

Ambrose was one of the brightest luminaries of the fourth century. He was born in the year 338, and was educated for the law. The Emperor Valentinian appointed him judge at Milan, A. D. 374, where he became renowned for prudence and justice, during five years. At the end of that time, a tumult having arisen in the Cathedral at the election of a bishop, Ambrose repaired thither in order to quell it. An infant's voice was on a sudden heard in the crowd, "Ambrose is Bishop." The whole assembly caught the words; and, forgetting he was a layman, vociferated with one consent, "Ambrose is Bishop." The judge was confounded and alarmed, and absolutely refused to accept of the nomination. The Emperor, however, whose court was at Milan, at length compelled him to assent.

* Referred to page 78.

His first act was to make over all his property to the church. He then commenced a particular and most devout study of the Scriptures. His labours afterwards, as Bishop, were incessant. In the instruction of catechumens he employed so much pains, that five Bishops could scarcely do what he alone performed. He preached every Lord's day, and frequently in the week. When he was fiercely persecuted by Justina the Empress, a patroness of Arianism, and was required to yield up his church, he spent whole days and nights in the sacred place, employing the people in singing divine hymns and psalms; and on this occasion he introduced, for the first time, the responsive singing, after the manner of the East, to preserve them from weariness. Arianism was, by his doctrine and his zeal, at length expelled from Italy. But still many persons of distinction in the city remained Pagans, especially amongst the senators. The tradition, therefore, as to his Cathedral, mentioned in my next letter, may be considered authentic.

His conduct towards the Emperor Theodosius has deservedly raised his character in all succeeding ages. The Emperor professed Christianity, and in the main is thought to have been a decidedly pious prince; but he was of a passionate temper, and the inhabitants of Thessalonica having, in a tumult, put to death one of his officers, he signed a warrant for military execution, though he had previously promised Ambrose to forgive them. In three hours seven thousand persons, without trial and without distinction, were massacred. The Bishop upon this refused to admit Theodosius into the church of Milan for more than eight months, and then only after doing public penance. Mr. Addison, who travelled in Italy in 1699 and 1700, says, he was shown the gate of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the Emperor.* No such entrance was pointed out to us, probably from the neglect of our guide; for the tradition itself

* See Addison's Remarks on Italy, Hurd's Edition of Works, vol. ii. p. 13.

of such pieces of local history is commonly indelible.

But it is as the instructor of his great convert, St. Augustine, or Austin, that I most cherish the memory of Ambrose. Austin was sunk in the depths of Manichæism, when about the year 384, and the 30th of his age, a requisition was made from Milan to the prefect of Rome, where he then resided, to send a Professor of Rhetoric to that city. Austin obtained this honourable appointment. He sought the acquaintance of Ambrose because he was skilful in rhetoric. Ambrose received him like a father, and Austin conceived an affection for him, not as a teacher of truth, which he had no idea of discovering in the Christian church, but as a man kind to him; and he studiously attended his lectures, only with a curious desire of discovering whether fame had done justice to his eloquence or not. He stood, indifferent and fastidious with respect to his matter, and at the same time de-

lighted with the sweetness of his language. But the ideas which he neglected came into his mind, together with the words with which he was pleased; and he gradually was brought to attend to the doctrines of the Bishop. Thus imperceptibly did the grace of God work in the mind of this extraordinary man! It was long before he unbosomed himself to his instructor. He tells us it was out of his power to consult him as he could wish, surrounded as he was with crowds of persons whose necessities he relieved. During the little time in which he was from them (and the time was but little), he either refreshed his body with food or his mind with reading.

After two or three years of inward conflict, he at length gave in his name for baptism; which Ambrose administered to him, little thinking that he was admitting into the church a convert who, in the gracious purposes of God, was designed to be the bright glory of the Western church, and the main restorer of

decayed Christianity in the world. There was a little chapel lately rebuilt when Mr. Addison visited Milan, on one of the walls of which an inscription stated, that it was in that place that Austin was baptized, and that on this occasion St. Ambrose first sung his Te Deum, his great convert answering him verse by verse.* I lost the sight of this curiosity also; whether from the ignorance of my guide or not, I cannot say.

St. Ambrose died in the year 397, in the 57th year of his age, and the 23d of his episcopate. He has been charged with leaning too much towards the incipient superstitions of his day, and thus unconsciously of helping forward the growth of monastic bondage and prelatical pride. Something of this charge may be true; but he lived and died firm and unbending in all the fundamentals of divine truth. He loved the Saviour. He depended

* Mr. Addison's Remarks on Italy, *ut supra*.

on his merits only for justification. He relied on the illumination and grace of the Holy Spirit. He delighted in communion with God. A rich unction of godliness rests on his writings; and he was one of the most fervent, humble, laborious, and charitable of all Christian Bishops.

I know not whether I am too ardent in my feelings; but I must confess, that Zurich, Basle, Geneva, Milan, and Lyon, are the spots most dear to my recollection amongst all the places crowded with beauties of another kind, which have attracted my notice during my tour.

I need scarcely add, that in forming my judgment of St. Ambrose, my guide has been Milner, whose incomparable Ecclesiastical History, widely as it is circulated, is not nearly so well known as it deserves. For evangelical purity, accurate discrimination of character, laborious research, sound judgment, de-

cision, fidelity, I know no book like it in the compass of English theology. As an Ecclesiastical History it stands not merely unrivalled, but ALONE.

LETTER XIV.

Milan, Sept. 13.—*Chamberry, Sept.* 19, 1823.

Sunday at Milan—Sunday Schools—Punch—Virgin Mary—Noisy Festival—Popery like Paganism—Church of St. Ambrose—Library—Amphitheatre of Bonaparte—Unfinished Triumphal Arch—Remains of Roman Baths—Mint—Po—Tesin—Turin—Churches—Palace—Ambioggio—Lans-le-bourg—Ancient Arch at Susa—Mount Cenis Road—Reflections—St. Michel—Aigue-belle—Chamberry—Life of Borromeo—Extracts from Writings.

Milan, Sunday Evening, Sept. 14, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I HAVE witnessed to-day, with grief and indignation, all the superstitions of Popery in their full triumph. In other towns, the neighbourhood of Protestantism has been some check on the display of idolatry; but here in

Italy, where a Protestant is scarcely tolerated, except in the chapels of ambassadors, you see what things tend to; Popery has its unimpeded course; every thing follows the guidance and authority of the prevailing taste in religion.

At half-past ten this morning we went to the Cathedral, where seats were obtained for us in the gallery near the altar. We saw the whole of the proceedings at High Mass—priests almost without end—incense—singing—music—processions—perpetual changes of dress—four persons with mitres, whom the people called the *little* Bishops—a crowd of people coming in and going out, and staring around them; but not one prayer, nor one verse of the Holy Scriptures intelligible to the people, not even if they knew Latin; nor one word of a sermon; in short, it was nothing more nor less than a PAGAN SHOW.

We returned to our inn, and after our English service, we went to see the catechising.

This was founded by Borromeo, in the sixteenth century, and is one of the peculiarities of the diocese of Milan.* The children meet in classes of ten or twenty, drawn up between the pillars of the vast Cathedral, and separated from each other by curtains; the boys on one side, the girls on the other. In all the churches of the city there are classes also. Many grown people were mingled with the children. A priest, and sometimes a layman, sat in the midst of each class, and seemed to be explaining familiarly the Christian religion. The sight was quite interesting. Tables for learning to write were placed in different recesses. The children were exceedingly attentive. At the door of each school, the words, *Pax vobis*, Peace be unto you, were inscribed on a board; the names of the scholars were also on boards. Each school had a small pulpit, with a green cloth in front, bearing the Borromean motto, *Humilitas.*

* See Notice of the Life of Borromeo, at the end of this Letter.

Now what can, in itself, be more excellent than all this? But mark the corruption of Popery; these poor children are all made members of a fraternity, and purchase indulgences for their sins by coming to school. A brief of the Pope, dated 1609, affords a perpetual indulgence to the children in a sort of running lease of six thousand years, eight thousand years, &c., and these indulgencies are applicable to the recovering of souls out of purgatory; the prayers also before school are full of error and idolatry. All this I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears; for I was curious to understand the bearings of these celebrated schools. Thus is the infant mind fettered and imprisoned.

Still I do not doubt that much good may be done on the whole—the Catholic Catechisms contain the foundations of the Christian religion, a general view of Scripture history, explanations of the creation and redemption of mankind, some good instructions on the moral law, sound statements on the Divinity of

Christ, and the Holy Trinity; some acknowledgments of the fall of man, and the necessity of the grace of God's Holy Spirit; with inculcations of repentance, contrition, humility, self-denial, watchfulness, and preparation for death and judgment. These Catechisms are not brief summaries, but rather full explications of religion; making up small volumes of fifty or more pages. In the frontispiece of the Catechism for the Diocese of Geneva is the following affecting sentence under the figure of our Lord, " Son amour et mon crime ont mis Jésus à mort"—a sentiment which cannot but produce good. Still all is wofully mixed up with superstition, and error, and human traditions; and the consequence of this mixture is, that vital truths are so associated in the mind, from early youth, with the follies of Popery, that even the most pious men of that communion do not enough distinguish between them. If you deny transubstantiation, they suppose you disbelieve the Divinity of Christ; if you avow that you are not a Papist, they suppose that you are a heretic, and have re-

nounced the faith, &c. It was thus that such eminent Christians as Pascal, Nicole, Quesnel, Fénélon, and the great men of the Jansenist school, lived and died in the Church of Rome. "A voluntary humility," as well as the "worshipping of angels,"* may well be noted by St. Paul as an error, which ought zealously to be excluded from the Christian Church.

After dinner, at half-past three, we had our second English service, at our hotel, and then were hurried out to see, what you will think incredible in a Christian country, altars set up in the open air to the Virgin Mary, with hangings, festoons of lamps, priests offering prayers, lamps hung on cords stretched across the streets, the houses and squares gaily adorned with carpets and lights; the churches open and illuminated, and crowds passing in and out; while priests were giving relics to kiss to the devotees who came kneeling at the altar in the most rapid succession; and soldiers were

* Coloss. ii. 18.

parading about to keep in order the assembled mobs. I never was so astonished in all my life. Religion was, in fact, turned into an OPEN NOISY AMUSEMENT. Before the Cathedral itself, there was an amazing crowd to witness *Punch and his wife*—literally, Punch and his wife:* priests were mingled in the crowd; and the thing is so much a matter of course, that nearly every picture of this Cathedral, has, I understand, Punch and his auditory in the fore-ground; thus the farce is kept up throughout this sacred day.

And what is all this, but the ceremonies of ancient Roman Heathenism coloured over with modern Roman Christianity? The resemblance between Popery and Paganism in Italy strikes every impartial observer. The names of things only are changed. There are the same prostra-

* Italy is the native country of Punch. A priest at Naples once observing the crowd more attentive to Punch, then exhibiting, than to himself who was preaching, suddenly seized a crucifix, and pointing to the figure of our Lord, exclaimed, "Ecco il vero Puncinello." He turned the admiration of the multitude instantaneously to himself.

tions—the same incense—the same holy water—the same lamps and candles—the same votive offerings and tablets—the same temples, with the names of the heathen deities slightly altered to suit the names of pretended saints—the same adoration of images—the same worship of the supposed guardians of roads and highways—the same pomps and processions—the same flagellations at certain periods—the same pretended miracles. It is not a little curious, that the very superstitions which the early Christian fathers most vehemently condemned in the Pagan rites, are now celebrated at Rome, in open day, as a part of Christian worship. As to the fact of the similarity of the Heathen and Popish ceremonies, it is admitted on all hands. The Italian antiquaries delight in tracing, in all simplicity, the resemblance; whilst the theologians defend it on the ground of the necessity, in the conversion of the Gentiles, of dissembling and winking at many things, and yielding to the times. And if at last they are pressed with the notorious idolatry and folly of many of these usages, they ex-

plain them away, precisely as the Heathen did their worship of false deities; and thus establish the connection and identity of the superstitions. Such is Dr. Middleton's testimony, in his most interesting, elegant, learned, and decisive "Letter from Rome," in the year 1729*—a testimony confirmed by all impartial writers since.†

A late traveller, for instance,‡ says, there is the same strange mixture of the ceremonies of Paganism with the rites of the Roman Catholic religion in Sicily. The feast *de la Vara*, at Messina, is obviously founded on that of the Panathenæum celebrated at Athens, in all the abundant details of folly and impiety. The festivals of Saturn and Rhea are also continued

* There may possibly be, in Dr. Middleton's Letter, some attacks on the Popish miracles in that general spirit of incredulity and levity which seems to condemn all miracles —and against which a young read r cannot be too much on his guard.

† See Rome in the Nineteenth Century, above referred to.

‡ M. Forbin.

there, under names slightly changed; and more than one ancient Pagan deity, is now a Christian saint. The Sicilians show you the Mountain of *Saint Venus*, the Well of *Saint Juno*, the Chapel of *Saint Mercury!**

The facility with which the Jesuit Missionaries in Japan and China allowed their converts to retain the rites and usages of Paganism, is well known, and is entirely consistent with the above statements. The Spanish Missionaries in America acted the same part. Popery conceals and corrupts Christianity; and then alloys it further with the peculiar habits and superstitions of each country.†

* See "Extract from *Les Souvenirs de la Sicile*," *ut supra*.

† In a report made a year or two back on the state of religion in the south of India, we are informed, that the Roman Catholics at Tinnevelly, a large district under the Presidency of Madras, besides the idolatrous ceremonies which the Church of Rome openly sanctions, "add such others as their heathenish inclinations and the customs of the country suggest. At all the great festivals of the Church, they conform to the customs of the Heathens; except that they call their 'Swamies' by the names of Apostles

But to pass to another subject. What a lamentable reflection is it, that all this is in a Christian country, and under colour of Christianity, and even on the Christian Sabbath. The fact is, the Sabbath is almost unknown here as the day of sanctification and holy rest! Doubtless, in so vast a population, there are many secret disciples of the Lord Christ, who "sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof;" but as to the mass of the people, the Sunday is forgotten, obliterated, lost—nay, it is turned into the very worst day of all the week—no idea enters their minds of the divine purpose and mercy in it, of which the Lord himself speaks by his Prophet, "I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that SANCTIFY them." I

and other saints, instead of Rama, Siva, &c. They draw the Rutt and carry their idols in procession, exactly like the Heathen. The distinction of Heathen castes is observed among them."*

* See Proceedings of Church Missionary Society, 1823—1824.

should conceive there are but very, very few Bibles amongst all this population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

What do we owe to Luther, Calvin, Zuingle, Cranmer, Ridley, Knox, &c. who, under God, lived and died to rescue us from similar darkness! And what an effusion of grace must have accompanied their labours, to give them the success with which they were crowned throughout the greater part of Europe. And how great must be the guilt of those Protestant countries, who are suffering the light of truth to go out in their churches, and are substituting false schemes of religion, or forms of cold orthodoxy, for the life-giving principles of the Reformation! May we "walk in the light" whilst it remains with us, lest "darkness" should again, in just judgment, be allowed to "come upon us!"

Monday Evening, Eight o'clock, Sept. 15, 1823.—We hired a voiture this morning, and drove about this great city from eight o'clock

till six, except taking an hour for refreshment. We have been richly rewarded. I shall say little of the churches. This place is the toy-shop of the Virgin Mary: we observe every where tradesmen for selling wax candles, images, crucifixes, ornaments—this speaks for itself—"Demetrius and his craftsmen."* I will only mention, that I observed a direct claim of miraculous powers on the tomb of a Dominican rector *(miraculorum gloriâ clarus)*. Plenary indulgences also were stuck up on almost every church. Two inscriptions, however, under the cross of our Lord, pleased me: "Having made peace by the blood of his cross;" and, "For the joy that was set before him, he despised the shame." If some of these old inscriptions were but acted upon, a mighty change would soon take place.

The church that delighted me most was that of St. Ambrose, anciently the cathedral, and where he ordinarily officiated, founded in the

* Acts xix. 24.

fourth century, on the site of a temple of Bacchus. Some remains of the conquered heathen temple were seen in different stones about the building, especially a bas-relief of Bacchanals, a pillar, with serpents, emblematic of Esculapius; and the chair of St. Ambrose, formerly used in the idol temple. The church is very old, and built of brick, and is almost buried by the elevation of the ground all around it. You descend several steps to the large court, surrounded with galleries in front of it, and then several more steps in entering the church itself. The body of St. Ambrose is supposed to lie under the high altar. I confess I sat with reverence in the chair of this great luminary of the church, and mused on the fatal tendency to corruption in man, which in a few centuries could engraft on St. Ambrose's doctrines, idolatries and superstitions almost as gross as those which he overthrew.

The Ambrosian Library, called after the name of Ambrose, was founded by Fred. Borromeo, cousin to the famous Borromeo; it

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contains thirty thousand volumes. We were shown fifty-eight leaves of a most curious MS. of the Iliad of the fifth century before Christ, of which Angelo Mai published a fac simile in 1810; a manuscript Virgil, with marginal notes by Petrarch; a Latin translation of Josephus, written on papyrus, of the third century; and a very valuable volume of designs by Leonardi da Vinci.

I know you will ask, what memorials of Bonaparte I visited. In reply I have to say, that we went to see his amphitheatre, with which I was much delighted. It is one thousand feet long, five hundred broad, and capable of holding forty thousand persons; a truly Roman work. It is as spacious, though less elevated, than the celebrated amphitheatre of Verona. The seats are made of turf, and rise one above another on the sloping bank. There are ten rows of them. They are of course all open to the heavens. The amusements are foot and horse races, and naval fights; the arena being easily filled with water,

by means of sluices. We much admired the chariots made after the ancient Roman models, and used in the games. There is a suitable gallery on one side for distinguished personages; and the whole is surrounded with a wall. We next proceeded to Bonaparte's villa, which is beautiful; and his gate of Marengo also, except that by a great mistake he dedicated it to "Peace the preserver of nations."

But the most splendid and affecting monument of his fame, is the incomplete triumphal arch at the entrance of the Simplon road. The unfinished stones remain where they were at his death. The bas-reliefs, which were to record his triumphs, are covered with dust. The sheds for the workmen are deserted. You walk amidst the half-formed designs. No one cares to finish the plan; and a total obliteration seems to have effaced the gaudy fascination which once attended his name. In the breasts of the people, however, here as elsewhere, he still lives, and comparisons not the most flat-

tering are made between him and the Austrian Government.

After this we went to inspect some very curious Roman antiquities; a noble range of sixteen lofty pillars, formerly belonging to the baths of Milan. They are fine Corinthian fluted pillars of white marble of Paros, of admirable proportion, and placed at the most just distances from each other. They are near the Church of St. Lorenzo, and are thought to have been erected at a time when the purest architectural taste prevailed. The royal palace, and that of the Archbishop, had nothing in them very remarkable. At the mint we saw a balance which turned with the eight hundredth part of a grain. The practice all over Bonaparte's kingdoms of marking the value of each coin on the face of it, seems to be very good. A franc is marked a franc, five francs, five francs, and so on. The hospitals and charitable institutions, amounting to about thirty, we could not visit.

Many of the women here wear at the back of the head a semi-circle of broad cut pieces of tin, something like a fan, with two transverse pieces at the bottom of them towards the neck, like two pewter spoons joined by the handles —a costume purely Roman. The general dress of the women is very becoming, with black or white veils; if they have not veils, they draw the shawl over the head. One of the most peculiar customs at Milan is the hanging of the window-curtains, of all sorts of colours, not within the house, but on the outside. It is singular also, to observe the dirty blacksmith, or awkward shoe-boy, eating immense bunches of ripe black grapes, which would sell in England for three shillings, or three shillings and six-pence a pound, as he goes along the streets.—But I must quit Milan, which though it has distressed, has delighted and instructed us, and has more than amply repaid us the journey.

Turin, capital of the Principality of Piedmont, 98 miles from Milan, 2047 from London

by our route, Tuesday Evening.—We left Milan this morning at a quarter past five, and in fourteen hours and a half reached this splendid and far-famed city. We left our friend and fellow-traveller, who had accompanied us from England, to go on to Rome for the winter. The two dear boys and I took the carriage which met us at Martigny last Tuesday from Lausanne, and posted hither. We had three horses and no luggage (every thing is at Lausanne); so that we have made a most excellent day's journey. The plain of Piedmont is of course level; it is also extremely ill cultivated, and so marshy, from the numerous streams falling into the Tesin or the Po, and perpetually overflowing the country, that we hardly saw a vine the whole hundred miles. The villages and towns bear sad marks of that want of energy and spirit connected with the prostrate tendency of despotic governments. Switzerland far, far exceeds what we have yet seen of Piedmont, in all respects, except that indescribable soft balmy air, which soothes the whole frame. The hedges are often of

acacia. The grapes and peaches are spread in immense baskets for sale in every little village. We gave three-halfpence for a pound of delicious black grapes, and half a franc, fourpence halfpenny, for a bottle of light wine—for we did not stop to eat. The people here are of a pure olive colour. The priests jostle you almost at every corner. The chief corn in this country, and in Lombardy also, is Indian wheat and some rice.

Turin, Wednesday Morning, half-past Eight. —My boys have taken eleven hours' sleep to balance accounts. This city, of eighty-five thousand souls, is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the Po, which, rising at Mount Viso, crosses northern Italy, and after bathing the walls of fifty cities, and receiving thirty rivers, in a course of three hundred miles, empties itself into the Adriatic sea. It is the king of Italian floods. Indeed the Po, and the Tesin, are the only two rivers famed in song, which are on our route. The Tesin or

Ticino, we have crossed more than once; it springs from Mount St. Bernard, traverses the Lago Maggiore, runs by Pavia, and then discharges itself into the Po.

Ambioggio, twenty-one miles from Turin, on the road to Lyon, half-past Eight, Wednesday Evening.—We are now actually on our way to England, and every step will advance us nearer home. Thanks be to God for preservation and every needful mercy hitherto, during a long journey. May we be brought again to my dear Ann; and with her and our little girl arrive safely in London! I must now give you some account of our drive this morning about Turin. We set off at half-past nine in a voiture. In six hours we had visited many of the chief curiosities. What shall I say to you about this famous city, formerly the gayest of Italy? It is a royal residence of the King of Sardinia, the streets of which are built all in straight lines, or *radii*, which meet in a centre. There are one hundred and forty-five.

It is about four miles in circuit. The fortifications were demolished after the battle of Marengo. The houses are uniform, and many of the streets have arcades on each side. A rivulet of clear water flows down the middle of each street. The street of the Po is one of the finest in Europe. There is an uniformity in all this; but the arcades are so noble, and the city so well built, that the appearance is imposing. It far surpasses Bern, which, I suppose, must have been built in imitation of it. The character of the inhabitants is like their dialect, Italian with a mixture of French. Their dress is little different from that of the French. Their manners are polished, from the long residence of the court. The English used formerly to remain for some time here, before they prosecuted their Italian tour; in order to perfect themselves in the language and habits of the country. Since the Revolution they more commonly rest for this purpose at Geneva. They are thus kept from the snares and seductions of a luxurious court, and the associations of a dissolute Italian population.

As to churches, there are one hundred and ten, with about five thousand priests, monks, &c. Almost all the churches we visited were filled with people, and two priests officiating at separate altars. At the Jesuit's church, I inquired if there were any of that order now at Turin; the guide replied, yes; that they were beginning again, and were arranging their affairs! Thus the zeal and activity of the Roman Catholic church still remain unabated. In some things it deserves to be imitated by Protestant countries. Its ample provision of churches and ecclesiastical ministers — its watchfulness over the people within its jurisdiction—its care in visiting the sick—its diligence in catechizing, &c. are examples to the reformed communities. A pure and spiritual religion ought to be the motive to similar, and even greater exertions; only abating every thing approaching to intolerance and dominion over the conscience. For in the Church of Rome, what is good in itself, is so corrupted, as to leave a melancholy impression on the mind. Still, with regard to churches, is it not

painful to reflect that in Catholic countries accommodation is provided for the entire population; whilst in many parts of England, one in ten—twelve—fifteen is all that the churches will contain. Thank God this disproportion is now by degrees lessening!

At the Church of St. Mary of the Consolation, we were solemnly assured of the miracles which the Virgin had wrought. The walls indeed were covered with the votive offerings of those who imagined they had received miraculous benefits. But this was not more extraordinary than the Chapel of the Holy Napkin, in the Cathedral; in which chapel is preserved the very napkin in which our Saviour was enfolded after his crucifixion, with the marks of his sacred blood! The servant who told me this, did it not only with gravity, but with an awe in his voice and manner quite unique. He assured me that the Pope had seen it in passing through the city—this was an irresistible proof!

What would the noble Claudius, Bishop of Turin in the ninth century, have said to these superstitions? You remember, perhaps, the name. He may be called, truly, the first Reformer from Popery. From the year 817 to 839 he continued to protest against the errors of the See of Rome, and kept them from being introduced into his diocese, in spite of the violent opposition which was raised against him. In the remains of his writings which are extant, he declares Jesus Christ to be the only Head of the Church—he condemns the doctrine of human merits, and the placing traditions on the same level with the Scriptures—he maintains that we are saved by faith only—he holds the fallibility of the church—exposes the futility of praying for the dead, and the sinfulness of the idolatrous practices then supported by the Roman See. The valleys of Piedmont, inhabited now by the Waldenses, or Vaudois, of whom I hope to tell you something more particularly, were in his diocese; and it is probable those churches

were much increased and confirmed by his labours.*

But to return to Turin. At the University we saw many undoubted antiquities of Roman fame—busts of Cicero—altars—household gods—tripods, and a head-dress like what I described as now worn at Milan,—all exceedingly curious. The University contains two thousand five hundred students. There are one hundred and twenty thousand volumes in the library. I asked if they had any manuscripts of the Scriptures; the librarian stared, and then showed me a Latin Bible of Thomas Aquinas! But at Vercelli they profess to have the autograph of St. Mark's gospel—the sacred original of the Evangelist—in Latin; mistaking, I suppose, the celebrated Codex Vercellensis of Eusebius for it; or else confounding Vercelli with Venice.†

* See Milner, Cent. IX.

† Jean André Irico published at Milan, in 1743, the Book of the Gospels found among the MSS. of the Church of Vercelli. It is supposed to be in the very hand-writing of

The royal palace forms one side of an immense square, in the midst of which is a fortified tower, surrounded with a moat, erected by the Duke of Savoy. I think it is the very largest square I have seen on the Continent. I was pleased to see in the palace a portrait of our Charles I.; and, which is singular, of Calvin. The small library of the private chapel contained a Bible, Austin's Confessions and Letters, and Nicole's Essays; all excellent books. This leads one to hope, that the same judgment and piety which formed such a selection, might possibly govern the habits and conduct of some of the royal personages for whom it was made. It was the first time I had seen a Bible in a private Catholic library.

The arsenal had thirty thousand muskets of English manufacture. We observed in the

Eusebius, of Vercelli, who lived in the fourth century, and was a friend of Athanasius. The MS. is deposited amongst the relics, which are preserved with superstitious reverence in the author's church at Vercelli. There is a pretended autograph of St. Mark's Gospel at Venice; but it is merely a copy of the Latin version.

Museum a stuffed wolf, taken two years ago near Turin, after having killed twelve or thirteen children. From the observatory we had a commanding view of the city and neighbourhood. The churches generally are magnificent structures, in marble of every vein and colour, with profuse ornaments; indeed, the ornaments are too profusely scattered, and the city hardly contains one chaste model of architecture. Turin is, however, by far more elegant, finished, splendid, attractive, than the enormous mercantile city of Milan. We noticed that the tradesmen at Turin affix their names and trades not above their shop windows, but on pieces of embroidered cloth, extended between the doors of the adjoining houses.

We dined at half-past three, and at five came on two stages to this small town, because the rain had fallen all day, and we were afraid of snow on Mount Cenis; indeed, the rain made it impossible to walk about Turin, and therefore we left it with less regret. We crossed, at Turin, the Po, in going to the

Queen's Palace: perhaps no river has been more celebrated by the poets; but where we saw it, it scarcely answered my expectations. The bridge over it is a noble structure.

Thursday, Sept. 18, *Lans-le-bourg, at the foot of Mount Cenis, on the French side, Five o'clock.*—We set off this morning from Ambioggio, at a quarter before six, and came in three hours to Susa, on the Italian side of Mount Cenis. Here we beheld with admiration the triumphal arch, raised in honour of Augustus, by Cottius, King of the Cottian Alps. After eighteen centuries, it is in excellent preservation; the elegance, simplicity, and majesty of it, surpasses much the intended arch of Bonaparte. The inscription is become faint; but it records the names of the twelve nations who remained faithful to Augustus, when all the rest threw off the Roman yoke. It is curious, that the designs of those who are commemorated by these arches were similar: Augustus to subdue France, Bonaparte to subdue Italy; only in the first instance,

Italy was the aggressor, and in the second, France. Bonaparte's plan was, like that of Augustus, to keep in subjection a conquered country, by making a road for his artillery directly across its natural fortifications, the Alps. The characteristics of military ambition are the same in every age.

The road which Bonaparte restored and improved over Mount Cenis was finished in 1811, six years after he had executed the astonishing work of the Simplon: next to that road, I suppose, it is the finest in the world. The day, however, has been so exceedingly rainy, that we could be no judges of the scenery around us. The road is in itself admirably good, and the ascent and descent most gradual. There are twenty-six houses of refuge, and a military Hospice for two thousand men. The highest point of the Cenis is about nine thousand feet. We have been extremely cold, but without snow. We are now two thousand feet lower, and still need a fire.

We left Italy, properly so called, about two or three to-day, and came again into Savoy. From Domo d'Osola to Mount Cenis, we have travelled in Italy about two hundred and twenty miles: we have had a specimen of Italian scenery, climate, manners, religion; we have visited the capitals of Lombardy and Piedmont. We have seen Popery in all its deepest traits of dominant superstition, just as we saw it at Bonn, Franckfort, and Bern, in its most restrained and modest form. The rapid visit has been new, instructive, and yet, most alarming. The general impression is melancholy. The lower orders are sunk into the grossest superstitions; the higher are deeply infected with infidelity. Both are the prey of extreme ignorance, vice, and superstition. Public spirit, morals, industry, commerce, religion, alike languish. The arts have declined. Even the temperature of Italy has become, in some parts, less healthy, from the vast undrained marshes and the indolent agriculture of the farmers. The French domi-

nation lessened some of these evils, whilst it healed none, and introduced other mischiefs of its own. A spirit of turbulence and political chicane has begun to agitate the Carbonari; but with no beneficial influence on morals and religion.

The Popish government is so feeble, that hordes of banditti infest the road from Rome to Naples, and venture to negotiate almost openly, for the ransom of their captives. In the meantime the ignorance, profligacy, and secret infidelity of the ecclesiastics increase, and are undermining the few scattered fragments of the Christian temple.

The Bible is almost unknown. A friend, who visited Rome a few years back, told me he met a Roman lady of distinction there who had never heard that there was a book revealed by Almighty God which we call the Bible; and who contended for a long time with him that he must be mistaken in supposing that there was: "For," added she, "I must

in that case have heard of it." Another friend, a clergyman, who was in Italy in 1818, was asked by a person of education and respectability, at whose house he lodged, what could be meant by the expression, "God is a Spirit," which she found in a tract which he had given her. Upon his explaining this very first element of Scriptural religion, she expressed the utmost surprise, and asked him whether he was really serious in saying that Almighty God did not resemble the pictures and images of him which the church had taught her to believe all her life. The same friend told me, that in a large company when the subject of Christianity happened to be introduced, the most determined principles of infidelity were avowed by the leading persons assembled. At present, little can be hoped for. You have not only to convince the infidel of the truth of Christianity, but you have first to free his mind from the intimate association of it with the corruptions of the Church of Rome. His arguments against revelation are drawn very much from these corruptions; and he is neither

disposed to allow your account of what Christianity is, to be the true one, nor to receive, on your authority, your arguments in its favour. He has no foundation of general knowledge on which you can proceed. Surely all these things concur in exciting the persuasion, that Popery can only be overthrown by the immediate power of that God whose grace it has been so long opposing and resisting. And indeed it is remarkable, that A SUDDEN UNEXPECTED OVERTHROW — at a moment least looked for — is the representation given us of its approaching downfal in the Sacred Writings.*

All that I saw of Italy entirely confirms the accounts given me by my friends. Even as to political affairs, discontent seems lurking in the breasts of the people; especially in Lombardy and Piedmont. They regret Bonaparte; and they will scarcely speak to the Austrian soldiers, of whom there are about eight thousand at Milan alone. When I asked the waiter

* Rev. xviii. 8. 10. 17.

at Milan if there were any Protestants there, he replied, " We are all Protestants (persons who protest) now." But I indulge too much in these remarks.

At Turin, we had eight hundred and sixteen miles to travel to London by the road we propose taking, and we have reduced this today by eighty-four miles. The village where we now are, Lans-le-bourg, is at the foot of the French side of Mount Cenis, a miserable village of near two thousand souls. We were induced to stop here, because an English woman keeps the inn; she married a Savoyard nine years ago. She was a Protestant, but I observed her faith had been much shaken by the total want of a reformed worship. I said all I could to confirm her mind in the doctrine of Christ our Lord. Beggary and misery still prevail. Crowds of wretched deformed supplicants surround us. We gave a trifle just now to an old woman, aged one hundred and nine years. The people here speak French; so that I hope to be able to communicate a little

more with the inhabitants on the subject of religion and morals.

The manner of posting here is, like every thing else, on a wretched footing. All is under the police; not a postillion nor a horse stirs without the police's leave; and when they do stir, such creatures—men and horses too—fit for plowing, rather than for running in a carriage; and men and masters too often ready to cheat the English. Sometimes the postillion crams his legs, shoes and all, into his boots, which are like churns; sometimes he thrusts them in with neither shoes nor stockings. In Lombardy their livery was a light yellow cloth, with tassels! The tackling of the horses, being chiefly of cord, requires one or two regular stops, each stage, for the purpose of being adjusted.

And now, as I have fallen upon the customs of the people abroad, I may as well speak to you about the washing, or rather beating, of the linen on the Continent. At Geneva, the

apparatus was most complete. In the river a kind of covered shed was built, with small boards on the sides going down to the water's edge; at each board a woman was kneeling with a broad stick or platter, with which she was beating the clothes as she plunged them into the water—soap is almost unknown. The clothes are thus half-washed and half-torn, and then charged an enormous price. At Milan, and on the road to Turin, the men and women in company wash their own clothes in the small streams or puddles flowing through the towns.

St. Michel, Friday Morning, Sept. 19th, Ten o'clock.—We are still on the Mount Cenis road, though we crossed yesterday the mountain called by that name. We set off this morning just after five, and have come thirty-six miles; the day is extremely cold, but we have no rain, and not much fog; we have been able, therefore, to enjoy the beauties of the country through which we have passed. We have seen nothing as yet which equals the

Simplon scenery; but still, many parts of the road have been majestic. The character is wild rocky Alps, with the torrent of the Arque flowing or rather rushing down at bottom.

Aigue-belle, 72 miles from Lans-le-bourg, Four o'clock, Afternoon.—The day has turned out most beautiful; we have been passing through the Valley of Maurienne all the morning, and have thus made our way through the Alps, the centre chain of which we crossed at Mount Cenis. This Aigue-belle (Aqua bella) is the gate as it were of these vast natural fortresses, which have been surrounding us at the height of eight or nine thousand feet. The villages and people seem to be still wretched, with many, many goîtres. There are one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in this valley, who live by the produce of cattle; they plant no grain, but a little oats and barley. The torrent spreads desolation, and renders many parts of the valley a mere marsh. The King of Sardinia has

just completed a military fortress, on the spot where Savoy is nearest Dauphiny. The road has been capital and on a gentle descent, and many of the points of view have been exquisitely beautiful.

Chamberry, Friday Night, Sept. 19th.—We have arrived at this capital of Savoy, after a journey of ninety-nine miles in sixteen hours. The road, after Aigue-belle, became very indifferent, and the night coming on, we were not able to enjoy much of the fine country through which we passed. The proper Mount Cenis road extends from Susa to Aigue-belle, about one hundred and thirty-five miles, and is undoubtedly a stupendous work, though on the whole much inferior to the Simplon. Thus have we again to bless God for all his mercies! The two wet days have given my younger son a little cold, which I trust will soon pass off; in other respects, they have enhanced the value and enjoyment of the fine weather we have been this day witnessing. We hope to be at Lyon to-morrow, at Geneva on Wednesday,

and at Lausanne the same evening, to rejoin my dear, dear family, from whom I seem to have been separated for an age.

I am your affectionate

D. W.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

Notice

Of Cardinal Borromeo.*

I was vexed on returning to England, and consulting my books, that I had been so long ignorant of the history and character of Borromeo. He is considered by the Roman Catholic writers as the model of all virtues, and the great restorer of ecclesiastical discipline in the sixteenth century. I have not been able to satisfy myself in what degree he was a true Christian, in the Scriptural sense of the word. That he was devoted to the superstitions of Popery, and was a firm upholder of the Roman See, cannot be doubted; but I have no access to his sermons or letters, so as to judge whether any living embers of the faith and love of Christ were smothered at the bottom of these superstitions. His habits of devotion, his self-denial, his zeal, his fortitude, his humility, and

* Referred to page 90.

especially his unbounded and almost unparalleled benevolence, which are ascribed to him by universal consent, would lead one to hope that, notwithstanding "the wood, and hay, and stubble," accumulated on it, he was building on the true "foundation, Christ Jesus."*

He was born at Arona in 1538, in a small apartment which I saw behind the church; and was of one of the noblest and most opulent families of Italy. At the age of eleven he had several livings given him by his uncle the Cardinal de Medicis, who was elected Pope in 1549. In his twenty-third year he was created Cardinal by the same pontiff, and managed the proceedings of the council of Trent, as well as the chief temporal affairs of the Pope, for some years. This I consider as by far the most unfavourable part of Borromeo's life, as to the cultivation of personal piety. Such employments at Rome must have initiated him

* 1 Cor. iii. 11, 12.

into all the system of that artful and secular court—and he who was intrusted to draw up the Trent catechism, must at that time have had little real Christian knowledge or feeling. However, in 1565 he left Rome, and went to reside at Milan, of which he had been made Archbishop.

Here begins the bright part of Borromeo's history. He had now to preside over the largest diocese of Italy, consisting of not less than eight hundred and fifty parishes, many of them in the wildest regions of the Alps. He began by resigning all his other preferments, by giving up to his family his chief estates, and by dividing the revenues of his archbishopric into three parts—one for the poor—another for the building and reparation of churches—the third for his domestic expenditure as bishop; all the accounts of which he submitted annually to the examination of his clergy. He next totally renounced the splendour in which he had lived at Rome, reduced the number of his servants, forbad the use

of silk garments in his palace, rendered his household a pattern of edification, slept himself on boards, prolonged his watchings and prayers to a late hour of the night, wore an under dress coarse and common, and devoted himself to perpetual fasts and abstinences.

He then entered on the task of restoring decayed discipline and order throughout his vast diocese. To this end he was indefatigable in visiting himself every parish under his care, held frequent ecclesiastical synods, and established a permanent council, which met monthly to inspect and regulate the conduct of the priests. In this manner his contemporaries agree in asserting, that he removed various scandals which prevailed amongst all classes of the faithful, abolished many superstitious usages, and checked the ignorance and abuses of the secular and regular clergy.

His fortitude in carrying through his reforms, notwithstanding the violent opposition

which he met with from all quarters, deserves remark. On one occasion an assassin was hired, who shot at him, whilst kneeling in prayer, in the archiepiscopal palace. Borromeo, unmoved, continued his devotions; and when he rose from his knees, the bullet, which had been aimed at his back, but had been caught in the lawn sleeves of his dress, fell at his feet.

His charities were unbounded. He built ten colleges, five hospitals, and schools and public fountains without number. Besides this, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor; and in various cases of public distress in the course of his life, as much as two hundred thousand crowns more.

In the meantime, his personal virtues, his lowliness, his self-command, his forgiveness of injuries, his temperance, his prudence, his sanctity, the consistency of his whole character (I speak after his biographers, whose

veracity, I believe, is not questioned), gave him such weight, that he not only rendered his immense diocese a model of good order and discipline, after an anarchy of eighty years, during which its archbishops had not resided, but extended his influence over the neighbouring dioceses, and pushed his regulations throughout a great part of France and Germany.

Perhaps his conduct during a pestilence which raged for six months at Milan is amongst the actions of his life which may lead one the most to hope that this benevolent and tender-hearted prelate was indeed animated with the fear and love of his Saviour. Nothing could restrain him from visiting his sick and dying flock, during the raging of this fatal malady;—when his clergy entreated him to consult his own safety, he replied that nothing more became a bishop than to face danger at the call of his duty. He was continually found in the most infected spots, administering consolation both to the bodies and souls of his perishing

people; and he sold all the small remains of his ancient splendour, and even his bed, to give the produce to the distressed.

The institution, or rather invention of Sunday Schools, is again a further evidence of something more than a superstitious state of heart. Nothing could be so novel as such institutions in the sixteenth century, and nothing so beneficial. When we recollect the public admiration which has rested on such schools in our own Protestant and enlightened country, though planned scarcely fifty years back, we may estimate the piety of mind, the vigour and penetration of judgment, which could lead a Catholic archbishop and cardinal to institute them two hundred years ago, and to place them on a footing which has continued to the present day. May I not add, that possibly some of the superstitious usages now attached to these schools may have grown up since the time of Borromeo? Certainly the indulgences which I saw were of the date of 1609, five-and-twenty years after his death;

for the reader must be informed, that, in the year 1584, this benevolent bishop fell a victim to fever caught in the mountainous parishes of his diocese, which he was visiting in his usual course.

As a preacher, he was most laborious. Though he had an impediment in his speech, and a difficulty in finding words to express readily his meaning, he overcame these hindrances, and preached most assiduously on Sundays and festivals at Milan. His biographers say, that the higher classes in the city were offended with him, and did not frequent his sermons; but that the common people flocked with eagerness to hear him. Perhaps something of what the Apostle calls "the offence of the cross," may be traced in this. It does not at all lessen my hope of Borromeo's piety, that the rich and great did not follow him.

Such is a faint sketch of some of the chief events in the life of Charles Borromeo. My

materials are scanty; especially as to the spiritual state of his heart and affections. It is for God only to judge on this subject: but charity rejoices to hope all things in such a case. I acknowledge that his simple and sublime motto, HUMILITAS, is very affecting to my mind. I trust it was the expression of his real character; and that his submission to the usurpations of the Romish church may have arisen from that faulty prostration of the understanding to human authority, which is so apt to engraft itself, under circumstances like those of Borromeo, on scriptural lowliness of spirit. Oh, if he had more fully studied and obeyed his Bible, and had read with honest candour the treatises of his great contemporaries, the Reformers of Germany and Switzerland, he might, perhaps, have become the LUTHER or ZUINGLE, instead of, what he actually was, only the FENELON of Italy.

Since the publication of the second edition of these Letters, I have had an opportunity of

consulting, at the Bodleian Library some of the smaller works of Borromeo; from which I proceed to make some extracts.

I. The following are taken from a Collection of his LETTERS, published at Antwerp, in 1623. I give only those parts which may serve to express his sentiments on the weightier matters of religion.*

Speaking of the death of Bernardus Vimercatus, of the College of Milan, Borromeo thus expresses himself: "*We all die, and are as water spilled on the ground.* But as this does not depend on us, but arises from the necessity of nature, wise men are distinguished from the foolish by this, that the foolish bestow this most brief life in obtaining eternal death; the wise in securing everlasting life. We all, indeed, die without difference; but to some death is the way to life and glory, never to end; to others, to darkness and eternal death.

* Epistolæ S. Caroli Borromæi S. R. E. Cardinalis Antverpiæ, 1623.

I trust you will be strongly excited, by the death of your brother, to a contempt of this life and a salutary despising of earthly things. I hope you will each of you argue thus: 'Vimercatus is dead in the flower of his age, in strong health, with the prospect of a longer life than others; I also must die: and in that so unknown and so uncertain hour, what kind of life should I wish I had followed? What should I wish I had done for the glory of God and for the safety of my soul? I am grieved and ashamed of my present sloth, in a matter so infinitely important. *If the master of the house had known at what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not suffered his house to be digged through.* Death impends day and night, and lays wait for my life. Shall I not at length awake? Shall I not take care of my soul, and of my salvation?'

"Whoever of you is excited by these thoughts (and I hope all of you may be so), will I trust in future employ the greatest dilligence in

walking worthy of God, and in seeking most eagerly after the perfection necessary to an ecclesiastical person."

To Archbishop Valentia, Patriarch of Antioch, he writes, "According to the zeal for the divine glory which God, the Father and Giver of all good, has imparted to me, I love with much affection all his servants, but more especially those who are in the dignity and watch, as it were, of bishops, and who labour that the most precious blood of Christ may not seem to have been shed in vain for his sheep; and who, as heavenly orbs, both illuminate the sheep with the light of evangelical doctrine, and excite them to all parts of Christian excellence by the force of a good example."

To the Doctor Dumius he says, "By doing this, you will please the Lord Jesus, and this is the chief argument of all; to whom I earnestly pray that he will defend you, and fill you with all heavenly treasures."

Of Bishop Alba he expresses a hope, that in dying "he had flown away from *the body of this death*, to enjoy those blessings *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.*"

He writes to Ernestus, Archbishop of Cologne, on his being raised to that see: "And, although I dare not congratulate you on this great dignity (for some experience hath taught me how much business and care, and how much labour and danger there is in the office of a bishop), yet I congratulate the inhabitants of Cologne and all Germany, which I hope will be much assisted, by your administration of that church and your restoration of ancient discipline, in the love of the Catholic faith, and also *in spirit and in truth.* Every thing depends, believe me, on your showing yourself to be a *bishop who is blameless*, as the Apostle Paul teaches. This you will easily accomplish, the grace of God assisting you, if you regard nothing whatever but the glory of God,

and make both the Catholics and heretics understand this. And what can be considered of such value, in any view, as the welfare of souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ? We ought to contemn every thing, and to give up life itself, for the salvation of one soul; what then is to be done, or rather what is not to be done, where the salvation of almost unnumbered souls is concerned?"

To the Cardinal Valdemontanus he speaks thus: "Piety rests not on any slight foundation, which distance of place may weaken, or length of time destroy; but depends on God, whose nature is eternal and whose power is infinite, and is preserved by his favour. I hear that you not only burn with the love of this piety, but also labour to inflame with it all around you. And nothing ought to be more interesting to any of us than this. For this is to be *a sweet savour of Christ;* this is to *give light to all that are in the* evangelical *house,* which all the servants of Christ are bound to do; but those more especially who are

illustrious by their dignity, as lamps well filled with oil and burning in splendid candlesticks."

To the Bishop of Trent he speaks thus: "In your commendation of my conduct, I see that your design is to excite me to perform hereafter the duties of a pastor with more diligence. For daily, or rather hourly, I more clearly perceive how far I am from that perfection of duty, which both God requires of me, and the dignity in which I am placed demands. Wherefore, I again and again beseech you not to cease supplicating the Divine Majesty for me."

The following is his language to Ascanius Columna, Abbot of St. Sophia: "The more I see in you of the gifts of God, the more ardently do I desire that you would contend with all your powers of body and mind to glorify God's name, and bend all your schemes to this one point, to be *a sweet savour of Christ.* Never imagine, that there can be any thing

more excellent and more valuable, in every respect, than to diffuse into the minds of those around you, the most sweet and delightful *savour of Christ*, by your well-ordered life and exemplary Christian virtues; and to allure them by a heavenly and divine pleasure, and bring them over from the blandishments of this life, and the seductions of earthly things, to the pursuit of eternity, and a supreme love and delight in God. This ought to be the end proposed in all our studies, and even all our thoughts. If we aim at any thing else, we are vanity itself."

The last extract from these Letters is to the Cardinal à Joiosa: "I am not ignorant that great difficulties impede and hinder most things; but nothing is difficult, nothing is arduous to love. *Love is strong as death.* And many things are more difficult in the opinion of men, than they are found to be in fact. But what is arduous or difficult to a good pastor, who by his example sets straight what is crooked, softens what is rough, fills up valleys,

and levels mountains? The force of example is great; especially in that man who is adorned with family, age, riches, connections, dignity; and who esteems all these things only so far as they serve to set forth the glory of God."

II. After these various citations from his Letters, I go on to the following, from the INSTRUCTIONS which the Archbishop published for the direction of his clergy, in preaching the Gospel.

" ' I charge you before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who will judge the quick and the dead, preach the word,' saith the most holy Saint Paul." It is in this solemn manner that Borromeo begins the book.

On the subject of the dignity of the sacred ministry, he exhorts the preacher to consider, " 1st. That it entirely regards the glory of Almighty God, and the salvation of souls. 2d. That by it the word of God is conveyed from the very fountain of the Divine Spirit, to the

souls of the faithful; in order to water them with heavenly blessings. 3d. That it treats of subjects the most sacred and awful in themselves. 4th. That it was exercised, not only by the most holy men, not only by Apostles, but by the Son of God himself."

He afterwards urges him to meditate on "the difficulty of speaking suitably and with judgment on such subjects, that he may fly with more ardent desires to God, who can supply him with all needful help by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit."

He then teaches him, that "a preacher should especially pray to God, that by his divine help he may not be lifted up with the pursuit of his own praise and glory; not even with the thought of it; but may take no account of it whatever."

He then says, "Let the preacher fly as a pest all ambition and all suspicion of it. Let

him not aim at, or desire, a more distinguished place for preaching in; but remember that Jesus Christ the Lord, who was sent down from heaven to teach mankind, preached in villages, and houses, and fields."

He next gives directions for his conduct: "The preacher should do every thing constantly and boldly for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. He should be inflamed with the love of God; and not only patiently bear reproaches, threats, and contumely; but endure, if need be, death itself. He should offer and commend himself, as it were, to the divine illumination; and, shutting up his senses, acquiesce and be content with the infinite love and immense charity of the light of God."*

As to the preparation of his sermons, "the preacher will understand that his office doth

* The allusion perhaps is to 1 John i. 5. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all;" or, Ps. xxxvi. 9. "With Thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall we see light."

not rest on human learning or eloquence, but on a divine power and the grace of the Holy Ghost; and he will take most diligent care that he does not grieve the Holy Spirit by touching the work of Apostles and of the Lord Jesus himself, when infected with any mortal sin. But he will purify his conscience from all sin by the sacrament of penitence, before he begins to read the word of God. And he will consider, that he has much to fear that most solemn threat of the Prophet, *But unto the wicked, saith God, what hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction and castest my words behind thee?*

"Before he begins to study his discourse, he will make a solemn prayer to God. He will then first understand the subject on which he is about to preach; and then meditate upon it, and strive so to affect himself with it, that he may excite the minds of his hearers to the same pious affections.

"Before he ascends the pulpit, let him suppose that he has before him a company of hungry men waiting for food from his preaching; or a company of lame, paralytic, dropsical, dumb, and blind persons, seeking for cure from him. Considering this, let him so manage every part of his discourse as to suit their cases, and advance their welfare and cure, by advice, counsel, and all sorts of remedies.

"Or let him consider himself as a fisher of men, and remember that he ought to strain every nerve so to fish that he may fill the evangelical net, as it were, with perishing souls, and gain them to Christ the Lord.

"After preaching, he should spend some time in prayer, before he takes any refreshment.

"As to the times and places of preaching, he should preach every where, and at all times; but especially every Sunday and Holy-day; and daily during Advent and Lent."

III. I might finish by giving some extracts from the "Constitutions and Decrees made by the Provincial Synod of Milan under the authority of Borromeo," and published at Venice in 1566—but I abstain;—I will only notice that it orders every bishop to preach continually, unless hindered by illness; and to make himself acquainted with the state of each parish in his diocese; it directs that schools for educating the clergy should be formed, and a tenth part of all benefices be devoted for that purpose; and that those destined for the church, should read the Bible diligently.

These extracts from various writings of Borromeo are, to my mind, I confess, charming. They place him in a new light. Instead of the dazzling glare of panegyric as to his outward history, they exhibit him in the soft lustre of the Christian, the pastor, the bishop, as to the interior of his heart. They open to us the fountain of grace and piety, from which his extraordinary benevolence, diligence, and

humility flowed. They form another proof, if any were wanting, that the peculiar motives of the Gospel of Christ, are alone capable of producing uniform, active, self-denying, obedience.

What compassion for the souls and bodies of men, what tender affection, what love to Christ, what solemnity of mind as to death, what conscientiousness, what deep impressions of the responsibility of the sacred ministry, what fear of pride and ambition, what fervour of prayer, what knowledge of the Scriptures, what dependance on the grace of the Holy Spirit—in a word, what attainments in the divine life do these extracts betoken!

If only a few words were altered, and the great doctrine of Protestantism, justification before God in the merits of our Lord and Saviour, were explicitly stated, they would be in the most complete sense evangelical. Still, as they are, they clearly prove that Borromeo was not only the most laborious and

beneficent, but the most enlightened and spiriritual prelate of his age in the Church of Rome.

I do not apologize for the length into which I have been drawn in communicating to the Protestant reader the pleasure which I derived myself from the discovery of such a character as Borromeo. To trace the identity of true religion under the most unfavourable, and almost contradictory appearances, is an office of charity so delightful, as well as profitable, that nothing during my whole tour has disclosed to me a more fruitful source of instruction and joy.

LETTER XV.

Pont-beau-voisin, Sep. 20.—*Lyon, Sep.* 28, 1823.

Chamberry—A Bookseller—Pont-beau-voisin—Roads—Bishop Berkeley—Sunday at Lyon—Catholic Sermon—Gibbon—Rivers Saone and Rhone—Fourvière—Hotel de Ville—Revolutionary Horrors at Lyon—Speech of Emperor Claudius—Roman Amphitheatre—Martyrs of Lyon—Cimetière—Arsenal—Death of Rev. S. Arnott—Chamberry Peasant—Notice of Martyrs in Second Century.

Lyon, Capital of the department of the Rhone, Saturday Night, Sept. 20*th*, 1823, *about* 789 *miles out from Lausanne, and about* 2302 *from London, by our route.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

CHAMBERRY, which we left this morning, contains nearly twelve thousand souls. It is the capital of the duchy of Savoy, situ-

ated in a fruitful valley on the borders of Dauphiny, at the conflux of the rivers L'Aisse and D'Albans. It has a cathedral and three other churches, two convents, and about one hundred priests. I went this morning into the cathedral; it is dirty and mean, both within and without. I observed in it three boxes for charity; one of them for souls in purgatory (I give it word for word); the second for repairing the church; the third for offerings, without specifying the object—no box for the poor. I asked a person who called himself a bookseller (who, by the bye, was the only one in the town, and actually had only one book to sell, a Code of French laws) about the different institutions for religion. The man's wife, who was standing by, replied, they had an Archbishop, who had been simply bishop in Bonaparte's time, but who was now Archbisbop of Chamberry, and *Prince Bishop of Geneva!* I stared. She said he was Bishop of the Christians at Geneva. I asked her what she called the twenty-five thousand Protestants who inhabited that town? She answered, they

were not Christians. I told her, then I was not one myself; she begged pardon, and said she meant Apostolical Roman Christians. I told her I believed in the Holy Scriptures, and in Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the doctrine of the Apostles, and therefore I was a good Apostolical Christian, though not a Papist.

I give this as a trait of character in a better-most sort of person. It is the natural effect of the doctrine which excludes from everlasting salvation all who belong not to the Church of Rome. Bigotry and persecution follow as matters of course. I must say, however, that I have met with many Roman Catholics during my tour, who expressly assured me that they disbelieved this uncharitable tenet. One lady told me she had informed her priest in confession, that she never could receive it. Let only the holy doctrines and holy lives of Protestants be more and more known by the Catholics, and charity must and will overthrow so fatal a dogma. Indeed, if the Holy Scriptures are

once generally read, this and other doctrines of Popery must by degrees fall, in spite of Popes and councils.* We left Chamberry a quarter before eight.

We have now come seventy-two miles, to this ancient and noble city of Lyon.† We entered France at twelve, at Pont-beau-voisin. We had amazing difficulty in getting through the custom-house. I had left some necessary papers at Lausanne. The officers were however civil, and after hearing my story, at length allowed us to proceed. I believe we were detained four hours. Travellers cannot be too particular in carrying their papers with them wherever they go. The road was, in two parts of it, perhaps as fine as any thing we have seen. The passages of Les Echelles and of La Chaille are most terrific, from the immense rocks through which they have been made, and the fine scenery which surrounds

* See Notice at the end of this Letter.

† I observe it is generally spelt Lyons; but in the town itself they carefully omit the final *s*.

them. These roads were begun by a former Duke of Savoy in 1670, and at three different times resumed by Bonaparte without being completed. The present King of Sardinia has this last year or two just accomplished the whole; in fact, this Mount Cenis road, in general, seems to have been a work gradually carried on from the days of Augustus, that is, during eighteen centuries—a space of time sufficiently long. It is but a few years ago, that three or four oxen were regularly yoked to every carriage to aid the horses in the ascent of Les Echelles.

I remember Bishop Berkeley gives a frightful account of his passage on New Year's Day, 1714. He says he was carried in an open chair by men used to scale these craggy and dangerous rocks, and that his life often depended on a single step. Bonaparte put an end to this by making a tunnel, nine hundred and fifty feet, directly through the opposing rock. At another part of the route, the travellers were let down in a kind of sledge, at a most fearful rate. Much even now remains

to be done between Lyon and Turin; as the road for many stages is exceedingly bad. The towns and villages in Dauphiny are very miserable. The priests have mocked, as it were, this misery, by building in one or two of the market-places, splendid gilt crucifixes, which are in deep contrast with the poverty and wretchedness of every house within view.

Sunday, One o'clock at Noon.—I have had to-day the singular pleasure of attending a Protestant French Church. It was really quite delightful to hear the reader begin the worship of God by reading distinctly two chapters of the New Testament in French, so as to be understood by all the people. The singing; the Ten Commandments, word for word as they are in the Bible; the Summary of the Law, exactly as it is in Matt. xxii. 37—39; a Public Baptism; the confession of sins; the prayer; the sermon, all charmed me as the spiritual, reasonable, and instructive worship of God. Especially the reading of the Scriptures was so simple, so authoritative, so majes-

tic, so edifying; I do not wonder the Reformers laid so much stress on it. Indeed, I cannot express the striking difference between this simple Protestant worship and the farce, show, and mummery of Popery at Martigny and Milan. All minor differences between Protestant churches, agreeing in the faith and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, sink into nothing before the frightful idolatry and superstition of Popery. Disputes about circumstantials are impertinent — divisions odious — love should unite every heart, where main and necessary Scripture truth is felt and acknowledged. Indeed, one great reason of my hurrying on to Lyon against to-day, was to enjoy once more the unspeakable blessing of the pure public worship of Almighty God.

The sermon was, so far as I could hear (for I sat at a distance, and the church was crowded), pretty good, on an important topic, death; with many striking parts. I regret extremely to add, that there is but one service here on the Sunday, instead of three, or at the least,

two, which there surely ought to be, in an immense city like this. In walking to church, also, we were distressed to see the shops all half or a third part open, and customers going in and out, with crowds of persons at the coffee-houses. At Milan, the shops were universally shut.

But allow me, my dear sister, to turn to another, and to me, more solemn topic; this day twenty-two years, I was admitted into the sacred ministry of Christ's Church. What reflections crowd upon my mind! May I have grace to remember more and more the vows I then made; the duties to my Saviour and to his flock, which I then undertook; the unnumbered errors and defects of which, alas, I am too conscious (especially, as Archbishop Usher said on his dying bed, my sins of omission); the ceaseless mercies which I have received; and the short time which remains for me to labour for my own salvation, and the salvation of others! Here I am, travelling for my health, in a foreign land: thanks

be to God, that health is wonderfully restored; so wonderfully, that I am not like the same person. But then I have been silent now fourteen Sundays, and the future is all uncertain. May God enable me, if I am permitted to return home, to feel more lively compassion for my fellow-creatures, to be more dead to worldly things, and to labour more abundantly in the sacred vineyard; and may he pour out his Holy Spirit upon my kind friends who are supplying my lack of service; yea, upon the universal Church! Time carries us away as a flood. Souls are passing into eternity. Judgment is near. All is mere trifling compared with eternal salvation.

Ten o'clock, Sunday Night.—My younger son has been suffering all day with cold in his teeth. There is no fever, no head-ache, nothing but a rheumatic affection of the front teeth; still this is very painful to him, and very embarassing to me, being without my dearest wife; and thus, it comes to me as a chastisement and admonition from my Heavenly Fa-

ther. How many, many mercies have we received during our long journey, and how little grateful have we been for them! May this indisposition work in him and in me the "peaceable fruits of righteousness! And on every occasion of suffering, slight, as well as severe, may I ever be disposed to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

At four this afternoon, I left my elder son to nurse his brother; and went to a Catholic church to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I placed myself close under the pulpit, so that I understood almost the whole of the sermon; it was an able, energetic, striking discourse; not one word of Popery, properly speaking (which was the case also, as I have said, at Martigny), but defective, general, unevangelical, and therefore unscriptural and dangerous. His subject was the happiness of Heaven; he drew a striking picture of the glory, power, happiness, honour, &c. of the heavenly state. His immediate point was to prove, from Scripture and experience, how

much glory, power, happiness, &c. God bestows on his servants, and even enemies, here on earth; and then to infer the infinitely superior glory of heaven. He cited admirably the cases of Moses, Abraham, Joshua, David, Peter, &c. What then (you say) were the defects? The heaven he described was without the Saviour, without pardon, without holiness; his heaven was an intellectual, poetical, sublime sort of paradise; he took for granted too, that all were in the right way to it. Thus, almost all the great ends of preaching were lost, and worse than lost.

Still the sermon did me good, because much of it was true, as far as it went; and I was glad to hear a priest stand on Protestant ground, and appeal to the Bible, and the Bible only. Besides, my long absence from home has disposed me to receive with candour and delight any thing that approaches the truth of the Gospel in any part of a discourse. What the Apostle calls "itching ears," are soon cured, when a man for three or four

months has scarcely met with a single edifying, solid, scriptural sermon. England, alas, too often undervalues and abuses her abundant privileges. The immense church was crowded to excess, and hung on the lips of the preacher. He preached from memory. His manner was serious, vehement, impassioned. He so affected the people, that, at the pauses, positively nearly the whole congregation were in tears. I really think we have much to learn at home as to our manner of preaching: the two Catholic sermons I have heard, were incomparably superior to most of our English ones, in careful preparation, intelligible arrangement, forcible application to the conscience, fervent and earnest delivery—in short, in the whole MANNER of the address.

Lyon, Tuesday, Sept. 23.—We are still here; my dear son, though much better, cannot travel. I have called in the first physician in the town; for there are no apothecaries here as in England. The ordinary fee is three francs a visit; but five or six are expected, my

banker tells me, of an Englishman. The physician writes prescriptions, which are made up at the druggist's or pastry-cook's—for half his medicines are syrups and sweetmeats. I have sent his brother by the diligence to Geneva, that he may go on to Lausanne and fetch the rest of the family to me. By returning this way home, they will go very little out of their route, and they will also see Lyon, the second city of France. I am obliged, however, by this plan, to break my engagements with my kind friends at Geneva, which I had fixed for Thursday the 25th; and I much regret that I shall not revisit Lausanne.

I omitted to see several things there; especially the house and library of Gibbon. My friends told me that the library was locked up—no bad thing for the world: and that the terrace and summer-house, where he completed his history in 1787, were falling into decay.* He left, like all other daring infidels,

* The manner in which he records the termination of his work would be more interesting, if the associations

a refutation of his principles behind him in the pride, impurity, vanity, and extreme sel-

raised in the Christian's mind could be separated from the recollection of it.

"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps, the establishment of my fame."

This last point was, in his view, the great object of life. Hope beyond death, he had none. He reluctantly confesses in another place, that "the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, tinged with a browner shade the evening of life." "The present," he elsewhere acknowledges, "is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful." His attempts to persuade himself that death was distant, are apparent from the following passage:—"This day may possibly be my last; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years."

He wrote this sentence some time in the year 1788; but instead of fifteen years of life, he expired almost suddenly on the 16th of January, 1794, after scarcely a third part of the expected time had elapsed—and this of a disease which he had studiously concealed from others, and, as far as he could, from himself, for thirty-three years. So

fishness of his moral character.—As to fidelity and trust-worthiness in his history, it has been demonstrated that his statements of facts cannot at all be relied on, where Christianity is concerned. After these fatal deductions, to admit that he had great talents and powers, is only to augment the melancholy impression with which a Christian adverts to the name of a man who has contributed so largely to corrupt the first sources of historical truth.

Wednesday.—My eldest son set off in the mail yesterday, at a quarter before three, for Geneva and Lausanne. I sit with my remaining sick boy, read to him, talk with him, amuse him, give him his medicines; and yet contrive to take one or two walks about the town and neighbourhood in the course of the day. I

little was he aware of his danger, that he jested with Lord Sheffield on the subject almost to the last; and even when life was expiring, he told a friend that he considered himself to be a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps, twenty years — this was said just twenty hours before his death.

Such is infidelity—so cold, so dark, so hopeless, so vain, so self-deceiving—I was going to say, so childish and absurd.

can, however, at present give you only a very inadequate account of Lyon. It contains one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls. This is immense for a city not the capital of the country. It was founded by the Romans about forty-two years before the Christian æra, and was called Lugdunum. It is finely situated at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, which flow nearly parallel for some time before their junction, and afford room for this noble city to rise on the tongue of land enclosed between the two rivers as they approach. Their channels are nearly equal in breadth, but the Rhone contains the greater volume of water, and rolls on to the Mediterranean. It is just as if London had two rivers like the Thames, between which its chief buildings and streets were raised.

Over these rivers the Lyonese have erected nine bridges, from which there are fine views of the interior of the town. On the banks they have formed delightful quays and walks. This is an advantage peculiar to Lyon. You

never saw such beautiful promenades for a mile or two together, on the sides both of the Saone and the Rhone, as there are here. Some of them are bordered with rows of trees, and are little inferior to those of Paris. The spot is pointed out by the guides where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone in his celebrated invasion of Italy. The body of the old town is dirty, narrow, dark, miserable; but the new parts are open, spacious, elegant. We are at the Hotel du Provence in the Rue de la Charité. On our right hand, we can see the Rhone; on our left, there is the noble square, or place of Belle Cour, which is amongst the finest in Europe; it has walks of Linden trees on one side, and the range of hills called La Fourvière, rising beyond.

This hill of Fourvière was the object of my walk yesterday. Its proper name is Fort Viel, Forum Vetus, on which the ancient city of Lyon, or Lugdunum, in the time of the Romans, was founded (about the time of the death

of Cæsar). The view which I there obtained of the whole neighbourhood was superb; absolutely it was enchanting. The vast expanse of unimpeded prospect, the noble rivers, the bridges, the buildings, the quays, the churches, the hills surrounding the town on one side, and clothed with country-houses and vineyards, were all sketched in the magnificent landscape; whilst the distant Alps, including, when the weather is clear, the vast Alp of Mont Blanc (which may at times be discerned from Dijon, and even Langres, above 180 miles distant from it in a direct line), in the farther ground formed, as it were, the frame of the picture. Indeed the neighbourhood of Lyon is considered as more beautiful, as well as more rich and populous, than the vicinity of Paris.

How painful to turn from all these beauties to the chapel of Notre Dâme, on this eminence, which was re-opened by Pope Pius VII. at his last journey through Lyon. The Virgin here has wrought wonderful miracles, and people come on pilgrimage to it! Half the chapel was covered with votive tablets. I

think I speak within compass, when I say there were thousands of them. Is this the way to cure the infidelity of the French? When will a little common sense enter the heads of the priests? But I check myself—I must remember that Popery is "a strong delusion;" or, as the Apostle's expression may perhaps be more literally rendered, "the energy of error!"

I was much pleased with three soldiers whom I met at Fourvière, and who, seeing I was a stranger, really loaded me with civilities, with a gaiety of manner quite surprising —and then positively refused to take any recompense.

The revolutionists in 1793 did infinite mischief at Lyon. The Jacobins hated it for its loyalty, its virtues, its commerce; but the Royalists had the ascendancy in the town, till the Convention at Paris ordered it to be besieged. The place was taken by storm, and unknown murders were committed. The statues of Louis the XIV., two fountains, and all the

public buildings in Belle Cour, were levelled to the earth. The machinery of the chief manufacturers was broken to pieces, their houses razed to the ground, and themselves led to execution. The guillotine being too tardy an instrument of death, whole parties were crowded into boats and sunk. The Convention even decreed the demolition of the entire city, and the extinction of its name. A monument is raised to two hundred and ten Lyonese who were coolly shot after the siege. Such is liberty pushed to licentiousness and outrage, and casting off the government of law.

Thursday Morning, Sept. 25th.—Lyon quite charms me. It is increasing daily. Buildings are rising on every side. Commerce has been regularly improving since the peace of 1815. During the Revolution all was decaying. The looms for velvet, silk, and gauze, were diminished from 10,000 to 1600; and the hands employed in the hat manufactories from 8,000 to about the same number. The silk manufacture, which came originally

from Italy, is now transferred to England. Still trade here generally is reviving. The printing and bookselling of this place are next to Paris in importance. There is a large military, as well as civil power, in the town. The streets are always crowded with people.

Friday Morning, Sept. 26th, Nine o'clock.— My dear son, thank God, is amending. Yesterday I went to see the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais des Arts. The Hotel de Ville is one of the finest in Europe. It is an immense pile in the form of a quadrangle, with a noble court in the midst. The mayor resides there, and has state apartments, as in our Mansion House. The great staircase is adorned with a painting of the burning of the city, in the first century, as described by Seneca. The large hall was occupied with a balloon and parachute, in which Mselle. Garnerin is about to ascend *next Sunday*, and which is now exhibiting gratis. The Palais des Arts was, before the Revolution, an Abbey of Benedic-

tine nuns (the Garde des Corps and Gens-d'armes have here occupied another convent). It contains a curious collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. A model of a temple found at Pompeii pleased me extremely.

But the most interesting thing is part of the speech of the Emperor Claudius, when censor of Rome, on the question of first admitting into the Roman senate the great personages of the neighbourhood of Lyon. It is engraven on bronze, and is now fixed in the wall of the Museum, so as to be easily legible. It was found in 1528, in digging a canal through a hill near Lyon. It consists of two columns, and every word is perfectly legible. It is the more valuable because Tacitus, in the Eleventh Book of his Annals, gives this self-same speech, but so altered and embellished, as scarcely to retain a trace of the original—the line of argument is quite different. It thus may serve, perhaps, as some test of the

fidelity of the other speeches of Tacitus and Livy.

It is a triumphant reflection, that the evidences of the truth of Christianity have been uniformly, and without a single exception, confirmed by all the discoveries of historical monuments during eighteen centuries. I alluded to this source of proof when I was giving you an account of Avenches in Switzerland.* Medals, speeches, altars, pillars, chronicles, arches, found in all countries, and of all ages, have united to confirm the facts on which Christianity rests. May this Christianity be purified from superstition and idolatry, and be displayed more and more in its native efficacy on the hearts and lives of mankind! It is not so much evidence that we want, as grace, repentance, faith, charity, holiness, the influences of the Blessed Spirit, primitive Christianity embodied in the lives and tempers of Christians.

* See vol. i. p. 278.

Saturday, Sept. 27th.—My dearest John is now nearly well. I expect my dear family from Lausanne to-night, and then our domestic circle will again be complete. I had no spirits yesterday, to go and see any thing; but this morning I have visited St. Irenée, the site of the ancient city, though now only a suburb. I here visited the Roman baths at the Ursuline Monastery (formerly so, for all the monasteries and convents were abolished at the Revolution). These baths consist of a series of numerous dark vaults, communicating with each other, about twenty feet under ground; but no longer interesting, except from their antiquity. I then went to what was the Garden of the Minimes, and saw the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre, where the early Christians were exposed to the wild beasts. This scene affected me extremely. The form of the Amphitheatre remains, after a lapse of sixteen or seventeen centuries. Some traces may be discovered of the rising seats of turf, and several dilapidated brick vaults seem to indicate the places where the wild beasts, and

perhaps the holy martyrs, were guarded. It is capable of holding an immense assemblage —perhaps 30 or 40,000 persons. A still more elevated range of seats, to which you ascend by decayed stone steps, seems to have been the place allotted for the magistrates and regulators of the barbarous shows. A peaceful vineyard now flourishes where these scenes of horror once reigned. The tender garden shrub springs in the seats and vaults. The undisturbed wild flowers perfume the air. A stranger now and then visits the spot, and calmly inquires if that was the Amphitheatre which once filled all Christendom with lamentation. What a monster is persecution, whether Pagan, Popish, or Protestant! And yet, till the beginning of the last century, it was hardly banished from the general habits of Europe. Would to God that even now it could be said to be utterly rooted out!

I visited, after this, the Church of St. Irenée, built in the time of the Romans, when the liberty of public worship was refused the Chris-

tians. It is subterraneous, and contains the bones of the many thousand Christians who were martyred in the year 202, under the Emperor Severus. It is of this noble army of martyrs that Milner gives such an affecting account. An inscription on the church states, that St. Pothinus was sent by Polycarp, and founded it; and was martyred under the Emperor Antoninus; that St. Irenæus succeeded him, and converted an infinite multitude of Pagans, and suffered martyrdom, together with nineteen thousand Christians, beside women and children, in the year 202; and that in the year 470, the church was beautified. I have not an exact recollection of what Milner says, and therefore may be wrong in giving credit to some of these particulars; but I have a strong impression that the main facts agree with the tradition on the spot; and I confess, I beheld the scene with veneration. I could almost forgive the processions which are twice in the year made to this sacred place,* if it were not

* See Notice of Martyrs of Lyon, p. 187.

for the excessive ignorance and superstition attending them.

Near to this church are some fine remains of a Roman aqueduct, for conveying water to the city, built at the time of Julius Cæsar. A convent of three hundred nuns has arisen since the peace, in the same place, of the order of St. Michel, where many younger daughters are sent from the best families, to be got out of the way, just the same as under the ancient regime. In saying this, I do not forget that the education in many of the convents is, in some respects, excellent, and that the larger number of young persons are placed there merely for a few years for that purpose. Still the whole system is decidedly bad, and unfriendly to the highest purposes of a generous education.

The cimetière, or public burial ground, is a fine spacious plot of five hundred feet by eight hundred, planted with trees, and guarded

from all outrage. It affords many an affecting, solemn, instructive lesson. One walks amongst the monuments of those who were once gay, and learned, and skilful, and eager, and successful as ourselves; and who thought as little of death as most of those do who stop to number their graves. A brief space of thirty years sweeps off an entire generation, and levels all the momentary distinctions of life. Happy they who so number their days, as to apply their hearts unto wisdom! As I returned to our hotel, I visited the remains of the arsenal, which was burnt down in the siege of 1793. Our physician tells me, the scenes of that period were terrific; he really trembled when he began to talk of it. No wonder Bonaparte was hailed as a deliverer from its horrors. I am struck in passing through the streets near the churches, to see women with stalls selling pictures as offerings to the Virgin; this marks the popular taste for superstition, which is reviving; and is a most unfavourable symptom.

Saturday Evening, Ten o'clock.—My dearest wife, with my son and daughter, arrived at eight o'clock this evening; all in perfect health, through God's great goodness: I never saw them look so well. Daniel reached Geneva at three o'clock on Wednesday; went the next day to Lausanne, settled every thing there, set off in our other voiture with post-horses on Friday (yesterday) morning, and arrived here safely this evening, after a journey of one hundred and thirty miles. It is quite delightful to me to see them all again in such health and comfort. Ann has brought me three letters from you; one dated July 9th, from Cologne; the second, August 21st; and the third, Sept. 8th: this makes the series complete. The varied information they contain interests me beyond expression.

The death of my dearest brother and friend Arnott* wounds me to the heart. What a loss

* The Rev. Samuel Arnott, perpetual curate of Eastbourne, near Midhurst.

to his family and his parishes! But what a happy Christian death! I am bereaved of a friend not to be replaced; a friend, whose advice, piety, and judgment, were only equalled by his sincerity and tenderness. His sudden departure overwhelms me. He was ten years younger than myself, and died, it seems, after an illness of only a few days. He had been, from his earliest childhood, remarkable for piety. His studies at the University were diligent and successful, and directed to the highest ends. During the time that he was curate at St. John's, his conscientious activity in every branch of his duties was most exemplary. He left me about ten years back, on obtaining a small living in Sussex. Here his wisdom, spirituality of mind, compassion to the poor, friendliness and devoted zeal, connected with the faithful preaching of the holy truths of the Gospel, gave him such an influence, that he was beloved and honored by all his parishioners. It had been his practice from his youth to read the entire Bible through every

year—an admirable trait, and quite characteristic of the man. The clergyman who attended his dying bed, has sent me a most interesting account of the last scenes. Undisturbed, calm, resigned, with a meek reliance on the merits of his Saviour, and anticipating with sacred pleasure the joy and holiness of heaven, he fell asleep in Christ.

Sunday Morning, Sept. 28th.—Thank God, we have all had a peaceful night. This is my fifteenth Sunday of entire silence and rest from the composition and delivery of sermons. I attribute my present change of health, under God, to this cessation from labour. But it is painful to me. My Sundays are my grief and burden. The sudden call of my dear Arnott fills me with solemn anticipations of my own account, so soon to be rendered at the bar of Christ my Saviour. I beg the earnest prayers of all my friends, that I may be enabled to "walk humbly with my God;" and at length "finish my

course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." My gratitude in having all my dear family well and comfortable around me, is great.

Yours,

D W.

Notice

Of a Chamberry Peasant.*

As the impression I received of the religious state of Chamberry was unfavourable, I feel a peculiar pleasure in relating the following anecdote. Two English ladies were passing through a valley in the neighbourhood of Chamberry a year or two back. They met a female peasant of an interesting appearance, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. They engaged in conversation with her, and found she was in service, and had by her industry saved money enough to buy a cow, which she had presented to her parents. Upon turning the conversation towards religion, she took out a book in which was the following paper sealed in it, which her priest had given her. I add, though it is scarcely worth while, a translation, as the lines happen to be short.

* Referred to p. 155.

Chrétien, souviens tu que tu as aujourd'hui	Christian, remember that thou hast to-day
Un Dieu à glorifier,	A God to glorify,
Un Christ à imiter,	A Christ to imitate,
Tous les anges à honorer,	All the angels to honor,
Une ame à sauver,	A soul to save,
Un corps à mortifier,	A body to mortify,
Des vertus à demander,	Virtues to implore,
Des péchés à pleurer,	Sins to weep over,
Un paradis à gagner,	A paradise to gain,
Un enfer à éviter,	A hell to avoid,
Une eternité à méditer,	An eternity to meditate on,
Un temps à ménager,	Time to husband,
Un prochain à édifier,	A neighbour to edify,
Un monde à apprehénder	A world to fear,
Des demons à combattre,	Devils to combat,
Des passions à abattre,	Passions to subdue,
Et, peut-être, la mort à souffrir,	And, perhaps, death to suffer,
Et le jugement à subir.	And judgment to undergo.

Upon further talking with her, she seemed really impressed with the importance of the truths contained in the paper, and to be endeavouring to practise them daily. I cannot describe the pleasure which such individual facts afford me. The load which weighs upon

my mind when I reflect on the system of Popery, is sensibly lightened when I find that by a happy inconsistency (which is not confined to the Roman Catholic communion) the hearts and lives of many are so much better than their creed would lead one to expect. May God increase the number!

Notice

Of Martyrs of Lyon.*

Upon looking carefully into Milner's Ecclesiastical History, since I came home, I find there were two early persecutions of the Christians at Vienne and Lyon (neighbouring French towns), one about the year of our Lord 169, under the Emperor Marcus Antoninus; the second under Septimus Severus, about the year 202. The first of these is best known, and the accounts in Milner refer to it. The scene of its cruel executions was the amphitheatre which I visited as I have above mentioned. The second is not so credibly attested, but at the same time may on the whole be believed to have taken place. The church of St. Irenée relates exclusively to it. Pothinus was Bishop of Lyon during the first cruelties; he had been a disciple of the blessed Polycarp, the contemporary of the Apostle

* Referred to p. 177.

John. He perished about the year 169, being upwards of ninety years of age: he had been sent, in all probability, by Polycarp from Smyrna to found these French churches; for the merchants of Smyrna and Lyon were the chief navigators of the Mediterranean sea. This could not be very long before the persecution burst out. He was accompanied in his apostolical labours by Irenæus, an Asiatic Greek also, who wrote the interesting and authentic account of the first acts of the martyrs, preserved by Eusebius, and given so well by Milner. Irenæus succeeded Pothinus as bishop, and suffered martyrdom in the persecution of 202.

In the first persecution of 169, the power of divine grace appeared little less than apostolical in the church of Lyon. The Christians were exposed not once only, but several times to the wild beasts in the very amphitheatre over which I walked—one day extraordinary of these brutal shows was given to the people, for the sake of exposing a greater number of

Christians. Some were previously led round the amphitheatre, a tablet being carried before them, simply with the words, " These are Christians;" for the term Christian was then used instead of arguments, just as the words Lollard, Puritan, Pietist, Methodist, Calvinist, Evangelical, Saint, &c. have since supplied its place. The Christians, if the beasts failed to destroy them, were placed in hot iron chairs. A most eminent female martyr, Blandina, was four several times tormented in the most savage manner. Once she was suspended from a stake in the form of a cross, and exposed as food to the wild beasts, none of whom however at that time touched her; on another day she was first scourged, then torn by the beasts in the amphitheatre, then placed in the scorching iron chair, and lastly, enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull, which having tossed her for some time, she breathed her last in the firm faith of Christ. Under all these sufferings the martyrs remained unmoved, yea, rejoiced in the name of the Lord Jesus, and were filled with the comforts of the Holy

Ghost, and the hopes of a blessed resurrection. I really cannot divest my mind of the associations awakened by these affecting circumstances, connected with my visit to the very spot where they occurred.

The second persecution took place when Irenæus was bishop, in the year 202, about thirty or forty years after the first, and under the Emperor Severus, who is generally thought to have been governor of Lyon during the preceding one. Our accounts of it are slender. Gregory of Tours and the ancient martyrologists inform us, "that after several torments Irenæus was put to death, and together with him almost all the Christians of that populous city, whose numbers could not be reckoned, so that the streets of Lyon flowed with the blood of Christians." Mr. Milner thinks this statement may be somewhat exaggerated; but he considers that there is no circumstance of improbability in the fact itself, and that the known cruelty of Severus, and his former connection with Lyon, gives to the persecu-

tion a strong degree of credibility. It is to this second persecution that the subterraneous church of St. Irenée, and the inscription concerning the nineteen thousand Christians, refers. Milner says nothing of the vestiges and records of these two fiery trials, still subsisting at Lyon. But I cannot help thinking they add some weight to facts already attested by the evidence which I have detailed. At least to my mind the connection is most instructive and affecting.

We find that about the year 250, the Gospel which had so gloriously begun in Lyon, was flourishing and diffusing itself in France. A bishop named Saturninus was then at Thoulouse. Several other churches had been founded, as at Tours, Arles, Narbonne, and Paris. The bishops of Thoulouse and Paris afterwards suffered for the faith of Christ; but they left churches, in all probability, very flourishing in piety. And France in general was blessed with the light of salvation.

I say nothing here of Peter Waldo, the celebrated Reformer, of Lyon, because he did not flourish till the twelfth century. But I cannot altogether omit the name of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyon, in the ninth century, who wrote against the abuse of pictures and images, and boldly maintained that we ought not to worship any image of God, except that which is God himself, his eternal Son; and, that there is no other mediator between God and man, except Jesus Christ, both God and man—an early and clear testimony against Popish corruptions.

LETTER XVI.

Lyon, September 28.—*Geneva, October 6th*, 1823.

Second Sunday at Lyon—Library—Hôtel Dieu—Hôtel de la Charité—Sick Family—Journey to Geneva—Professor of Lausanne—Perte du Rhone—L'Ecluse—Ferney—Voltaire—Catholics at Geneva—Fine Walks—Translation of Scott—Satigny—Rejected Regent—Religious Doctrine—Plan of Central Switzerland—Cathedral—Library—English Clergy—Sunday at Geneva—Minister from Les Cevennes—Règlement—M. Simond's Defence answered.

Lyon, September 28th, 1823.
Sunday Evening.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

Our sermon this morning, at the Protestant church was good; but not so simple and awakening as the vast concerns of eternity demand at the hand of the minister of the

Gospel. I spoke, after service, to a respectable gentleman near me, who turned out to be a minister, the former pastor of a French Protestant church; for it is a curious thing, that after a certain age the Protestant clergy, though in the possession of all their powers, and in tolerably good health, retire, as no longer capable of exciting that effect which depends on powerful and energetic voice and action. This is quite shocking. It makes preaching a sort of rhetorical declamation, instead of the simple and authoritative manifestation of the truth of the Gospel. It commends itself to the taste, rather than the consciences of men. It relies on "the enticing words of man's wisdom," rather than the grace and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. In short, it "makes the Cross of Christ of none effect." This minister informed me there were five or six thousand Protestants in and about Lyon; and yet only one church, and one service in that church. There is a Bible Society which he tells me is not very flourishing. The Government now is not favourable to the Protestants.

In the Catholic churches I could find out no sermon. I sent out a servant to inquire with much care; I also searched myself; but in vain. The interesting discourse of last Sunday, made me quite eager to hear a second. Thus, one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls were, I fear, without any public instruction to-day on the doctrine of salvation, except the few hundreds at the Protestant Church. In fact, the Sabbath, which should be "our delight, holy of the Lord and honourable," is lost on the Continent. When it is spoken of, it is called a fête or holy-day, indiscriminately with the Nativity or Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and these fêtes are the regular seasons of public processions, and celebrations. Nay, the newspapers, the theatres, &c., are actually suspended on St. Francis' day or the Feast of the Virgin; but on the Sunday are regularly carried on, and more eagerly followed than ever. The Sunday is, in short, the day for shows, amusements, dissipation, vicious pleasures of every kind.

There are, of course, thousands in the Protestant churches who keep sacred this holy day, and rejoice in its blessed services as much as the most devout Englishman can do. In the Catholic church also there are doubtless many, many real servants of Christ who do the same. But speaking generally, the Sabbath is utterly lost on the Continent—it is no longer the LORD'S DAY, but the day of the GOD OF THIS WORLD. A new reformation is wanted. The spirit of the martyrs of Lyon is extinct. May the same grace which formed that noble army in the early ages of Christianity, descend again on Lyon in these latter times! And may England avoid, as the most fatal of downfalls, the desecration of the holy Sabbath! Our Sunday travelling, Sunday visits, and above all, Sunday newspapers, terrify my mind. I cannot conceive how it is that the mere mask of loyalty and church principles, assumed by some of these demoralizing journals, should blind the judgment of any sincere Christian to their most pernicious tendency.—We have had

our two private services. My heart is at St. John's.

Monday, September 29th.—I have but little to say to-day; indeed, my letters must, of necessity, become dull and uninteresting now we are all stationary in a town. My eldest son and I have visited this morning the Public Library, which contains one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, the largest provincial collection in France. It occupies a fine building on the right bank of the Rhone. We saw a part of a bomb which, in 1793, had been thrown by the mad Revolutionists into the Library. It penetrated a large globe; the part of the bomb, as well as the hole it made, remain unaltered.

We went next to L'Hôtel Dieu, an immense hospital, one of the honours and ornaments of France. It was first founded in the sixth century; the chief rooms are divided into four compartments, with an altar in the middle, from which the prayers may be heard by all

the patients. There are eleven hundred beds, one hundred and fifty nurses, eight physicians, and a laboratory for medicines. The nurses are called "Les Sœurs de la Charité." They form a religious order, and entirely devote themselves to attendance on the sick in the hospital. They wear a dress of brown stuff—their crucifix hangs low from the neck—their whole appearance is clean and respectable. This is a religious body, like that at Great St. Bernard, really useful to the community; and it gives me sincere pleasure to recognize the fact. Would to God there were more such institutions as "the salt of the earth," amidst the corrupt mass of Popish errors! The front of the hospital facing the Rhone is magnificent, and is now nearly completed. The bedsteads of the patients are of iron, and every thing had the appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

The Hospice de la Charité next attracted our curiosity; it is quite a separate thing from the former. It is a religious establishment, consisting of fifty sisters, and twenty brethren,

de la Charité; these superintend the house, which receives three or four hundred old persons above the age of seventy, who are entirely supported, clothed, and fed in the Hospice. It maintains also seven or eight thousand foundlings or orphan children, chiefly at nurseries in the country. It admits also *des filles enceintes*, for their lying-in. This part of the plan fills me with great apprehension as to its moral tendency. It seems to me to be a premium upon vice. The fearful numbers of exposed or foundling children is a mournful proof of degenerated morals; one thousand three hundred and eighty have been here received this year, that is in nine months; a large proportion, I should think, of all the births at Lyon.*

* The moral state of the population of Paris is not better. I observe in the statistical tables of that city, that out of 27,070 births in the year 1823, 9,606 were of natural children, being rather more than a THIRD part of the total number. The union of misery with vice may be inferred from the fact, that as nearly as possible, the same proportion of persons died in the public hospitals of that city; i. e. 8,227 out of a total of 24,500.

I am quite sure that the licensing and raising taxes from gambling-houses, and other places of a profligate character, must directly tend to countenance and increase fatal immoralities. How infinitely preferable is the honest integrity of our English laws, which connive at no species of vice, much less attempt to raise taxes from the commission of gross crimes against society. The whole system must be rotten to the core to admit of this recognition and encouragement of the very worst evils. It is a still viler practice to suffer wretches stationed within houses of the most abandoned description, to be inviting passengers to enter, with a loud voice, and in the middle of the day. What a falling off, since the noble spirit of piety in this very town could induce so many thousands to die as martyrs for the name of the Lord Jesus! What a difference between the second and the nineteenth century! Then men were ready to suffer death rather than sin against God: now they tolerate the most open seductions to vice and iniquity.

Tuesday, One o'clock, Noon.—A respectable Protestant minister residing at Lyon, called on me yesterday. I had a long conversation with him, in which he endeavoured to excuse, though he could not defend, the règlement at Geneva. This morning I went and breakfasted with him and his wife and family; all amiable, obliging;—but I should have rejoiced to have seen something more of the spirit of real Christianity. He had the finest collection of engravings of Swiss scenery that I have yet seen—and no wonder. When a youth, he ascended Mont Blanc with his father and M. De Saussure, in 1786. In the course of conversation he expressed great surprise at the state of Ireland—at our refusing the Catholics civil privileges—at our want of church room—at our neglect of the education of our poor—at the disturbances and riots in England. I made such answers as I could on these points. He informed me also of his intention of visiting London at the time of our great religious meetings. This is not the first occasion I have had to observe the many incidental but important

benefits of our public anniversaries. They attract the regard of foreigners; and are the means of encouraging or kindling a spirit of piety in those who attend them at first chiefly from curiosity!

Before I left him, he requested me to visit an English family in his neighbourhood which had just lost its father. I went. I found a widow and four grown-up daughters. What was my astonishment to discover, after a while, that it was a family who had lived in the very house in which I was born, in London! They have been three years at Lyon. They are extremely well spoken of. The father died yesterday afternoon. The visit, though short, seemed much to relieve them. Thus, in a foreign land, some little duties of charity present themselves to those who are willing to perform them. If God had pleased, the affliction and death might have been in my own house! My son Daniel is to attend the funeral for me to-morrow; for I am obliged to go off, for a few days, to Geneva, about Scott's

Bible. I should have gone last week, if my son's illness had not prevented me. My friends are waiting to hold the promised meeting. I intend rejoining my family on Tuesday at Dijon, on the way to Paris.

Geneva, 116 miles from Lyon, Wednesday Evening, Seven o'clock, Oct. 1, 1823.—I set off in the mail from Lyon at three yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at half-past three this afternoon. This said mail coach is a heavy lumbering carriage, with an infinity of luggage, travelling four miles and three quarters in the hour. I was in the cabriolet, a sort of outside seat, in front of the carriage, with the prolonged roof of the coach to cover me, and a good leather to draw up in front; so that I paid the same as for an inside place (twenty-two francs, about seventeen shillings for 116 miles); the evening and night were warm and fine, and the morning was charming. The country which we passed before night-fall was beautiful, on the banks of the Rhone, which you remember flows from Geneva to Lyon.

We had supper at ten o'clock, at Pont d'Ain, and I actually dosed and slept all the night afterwards, and a good part of to-day.

We breakfasted at Bellegarde at eight, and walked to see what is called La Perte du Rhone—the Loss of the Rhone; a most curious phenomenon. The Rhone flows majestically from Geneva, in a bed of two or three hundred feet, till it reaches a defile between the mountains Jura and Vouache, where it has only from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet of width. The rocks then become narrower and narrower, till such huge and insuperable masses present themselves, that the river, unable to break through them, has made itself a passage underneath. The Rhone disappears for sixty feet. Its breadth at this point is about fifteen feet. It then rises again, and soon resumes its noble tide. I never saw any thing at all resembling it: you stand upon the bridge, and view on one side of it the fine river flowing along; and on the other side, where you expect it to continue its course, there is nothing

to be seen but a bed of rocks perfectly dry. The fact is, the river engulphs itself under the ruins of the masses fallen from the neighbouring mountains; so that you may go down by a ladder and examine the vast defile, the walls of which are 150 feet deep. At the point where the rocks first narrow themselves a strong fort is built, L'Ecluse, between the mountains Jura and Vouache, which Julius Cæsar described one thousand eight hundred years ago.* It is the only entrance into France from the French part of Switzerland.

As we drew near Geneva we passed Ferney, and I ran up to see the château where Voltaire lived, and the church which, in hypocrisy the most detestable, he built near it. The church is low and mean, the shelving roof reaching almost to the ground. It is inscribed to Almighty God. The usual sort of crucifix is within. Still it was something for

* Iter angustum et difficile inter Montem Jura et flumen Rhodanum, vix quà singulares curri ducerentur. De Bell. Gall. l. i. c. 6.

Christianity to have forced such a man to acknowledge in any way her importance and truth.

One of the first effects of the revival of true religion, or even of sound learning, in France, I should think, would be to lower the credit of this proffigate, crafty, superficial, ignorant, incorrect writer. What plea can the poignancy of wit, or the force of satire, or the talent of ridicule, or the possession of a fascinating style, or the power of brilliant description, or an extensive superficial knowledge of sciences, or an affected humanity on a few popular occasions, form, in a Christian country, for a man who employed them all, with a bitterness and ferocity of mind amounting almost to madness, against the Christian religion and the person of the Saviour? It is an unhappy circumstance that the present French Government has mingled party politics with his name, and thus attached a new popularity to his impious works. Twenty years ago he was comparatively forgotten No new edition of his

writings was thought of. At the restoration, in 1814, his tomb was disturbed, and indignities offered to his remains. The consequence of this ill-judged and petty revenge has been, that ten or more large editions of his works have been sold since—some of them in the form of small pamphlets, by a weekly publication, for the cottages of the poor.*

* When I arrived at Paris, one of the first things I heard was, that a BIBLE SOCIETY had been formed at Ferney, chiefly by the aid of the Baron de Stael. What a noble triumph for Christianity over the most daring infidelity!

It is delightful for me to be able to add, that a PROTESTANT CHURCH is about to be built at Ferney; and that so little have the principles of Voltaire succeeded in permanently effacing the memory of Christianity from the minds of men, even in his own village, that a contest is likely to arise amongst the two great bodies of Christians in France, as to which shall have the honour of raising a second edifice there for the purposes of public worship in the name of JESUS CHRIST THE LORD. I give the following extract with peculiar feelings of joy. The patronage of the French Government is a most gratifying circumstance indeed.

"It is intended to erect a Protestant church at Ferney, which will be at the same time a monument of the triumph of Christian principles, and of the progress of religious liberty. The French government has granted one hundred Napoleons for that purpose. The King of the Netherlands

I am now at Geneva, for the purpose of inquiring after the translation of Scott. It is quite painful to me to be thus separated so often from my dear family; but circumstances of duty render it indispensable. Before I finish to-night, tired as I am, I must tell you what peculiarly agreeable companions I had on the road; a Professor of Divinity at Lausanne, a great friend of the Bible Society, and his family. We soon became acquainted, and had a great deal of interesting conversation—I tried to do some good to a pious, but apparently timid man. It was an occasion, which I endeavoured to use to the very best of my

has given a donation of fifty Napoleons, to promote the object.

"Since it has been announced that a Protestant church is in progress, the Roman Catholics have determined to erect a splendid structure there; and it is greatly to be feared that the completion of the Catholic church will reproach the tardiness and indifference of Protestants in affording the means of completing the yet unfinished erection designed for the Protestant worship."*

* See Christian Observer, Feb. 1825.

judgment, especially in the way of removing prejudice and stimulating to zeal. I could not but observe the marked respect which he paid to our English Episcopal Church. Indeed I have often noticed that the most enlightened and best informed ministers of the foreign Reformed Churches, have no dislike to the Episcopal model; but, on the contrary, prefer it to their own, as more scriptural in itself, and as clearly supported by antiquity from the very age of the Apostles. One most pious minister told me, that he believed if Calvin and Beza had adopted the wise and moderate course of our English Reformers on these points, the whole of France would have been Protestant. In fact, I think it is now admitted generally by the most competent judges, that the violent rejection of the ancient ecclesiastical government by bishops, and an eager interference in secular disputes and affairs appertaining to the state, were amongst the chief external hindrances to the progress of the Reformation. But I must really wish you good night.

Geneva, Thursday, Oct. 2, Three o'clock.—Thank God I slept twelve hours last night.—This morning I have been walking about the town, partly on the affair of the translation, and partly to obtain further information as to the moral and religious habits of the town. In passing along the streets, I observed a procession of Catholic priests, and followed them into the Catholic church. They were celebrating mass for the repose of the soul of the late Pope. An immense kind of tomb was erected in the middle of the church, with inscriptions on each side, and bougies lighted all around. Printed papers were given about in the church, with a copy of the inscriptions, and an extract from an artful seductive letter, of the late Pope, relative to the Genevese.

One of the inscriptions was the famous text, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;"—quite forgetting, or perverting, the whole scope of the passage;—for every candid reader sees that our Lord spoke of

Peter, not personally, but instrumentally, as confessing the deity and mediation of Christ, and about to preach this for the conversion of mankind; and that those can claim the promise, and those only, in each succeeding age, who answer to the character to which it was made. But any thing serves for a pretext where the Holy Scriptures are unknown. What most struck me was, to see this in the heart and centre of a Protestant city. It was, however, the French who first compelled the Genevese to admit the Catholics.

In coming from Lyon to Geneva, I noticed, that the postillions and common people rather ridiculed the priests than otherwise. At dinner to-day, at the table-d'hôte, I met three French gentlemen, pretty well informed; Bonaparte was the topic of their admiration; they also much praised England for the unity which animated it the moment any common danger threatened; this formed, in their view, the greatness of our nation.—The environs of Geneva are very fine. I walked to-day, on the

bastion, or promenade of the Rhone, at the end of which there is a charming view of the Lake and adjoining country. La Treille is another beautiful promenade of a similar kind. But the town itself is crowded and mean, except the upper streets and buildings on the summit of the hill, which are noble and handsome. The weather is cold—a good deal of snow fell last night on the Jura, over which I passed on Tuesday; and on Mount St. Bernard, I understand, it lies four feet deep, with so strong a wind as almost to carry away the traveller.

Eight o'clock.—I have had a meeting with the translators of Scott, and have been delighted. All is going on well. The chief translator has a secretary to copy the manuscript—every thing promises that St. Matthew will be ready for the press in a few months. I was introduced to a French minister of Hamburgh, of rare talents, and as rare piety, who will, I trust, help me. I shall, however, have enough to do, both here and at Paris, to arrange de-

tails. As I went to the meeting, I called on a gentleman to whom I had an introduction. I was grieved at the spirit of prejudice and bigotry which he showed against all sorts of evangelical truth—a harsh, violent, unpracticable man—confessedly a Socinian in principle. He really frightened me by his fierce attack on spiritual religion. What a blessing to have been educated in sounder views of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and to have some hope that we know and love that Saviour in sincerity of heart! If any thing can be wrong, it must be that unrelenting proud spirit which aims at dishonouring the Lord Jesus—to exalt whom, in his deity and atonement, was the great scope of the apostolic writers.

I forgot to say, that my friend, the Professor of Lausanne, told me that he had distributed near eight thousand Bibles in his Canton, and finds that six thousand more will be wanted, in order to supply the whole deficiency; he has also nearly raised a fund, the interest of

which will supply the poor of the Canton de Vaud with Bibles in perpetuity. How much solid good may one man do, and a man who, in some respects, may be deemed too fearful; and what a public benefit is the Bible Society, to present a suitable object to such a man; and what a seed of future blessings does the permanent circulation of Bibles in a whole canton, cast in the earth, as it were, and leave there to vegetate, and to produce, by the grace of God, in after years, an abundant harvest!

Friday Evening, half-past Nine, Oct. 3.— This morning, at nine, I accompanied some pious friends to Satigny, about six miles from Geneva. The morning was wet; but the ride was through a fine country. Satigny contains about one thousand two hundred souls; towards whom the minister I went to visit is a true shepherd. We had a little committee for four hours on the affair of Scott's Bible. My friend from Hamburgh has agreed to undertake the translation of Milner's Church His-

tory, and thus relieve my chief translator of a work for which he was engaged, and leave him at liberty to devote himself to Scott.

We returned from Satigny about four; and as soon as I had dined, I went to hear an excellent minister, who was some time since removed from his office in the college at Geneva on account of his evangelical sentiments. I was pleased. His manner was so pathetic, so calm, so persuasive, and his matter, upon the whole, so edifying, that I have scarcely heard any thing like it since I left London. He is a valuable man, a deeply pious, spiritually-minded Christian, and a preacher of first-rate powers: there is an inexpressible unction in all he delivers. Still his doctrine is a little too high, in my opinion, to be quite scriptural or safe in the long run; he does not sufficiently unite the preceptive and cautionary parts of Holy Writ with the consolatory and elevating—a fault not important in a single discourse, but momentous as extending over the whole system of a minister's instructions;

and more especially if he stand almost alone, or be watched and suspected by his superiors in the church, or attract particular observation on account of the difficulties of his situation.

It is one thing to preach the fall of man, his impotency and ruin, justification by faith only, adoption, salvation by grace, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the joy and comfort of communion with our heavenly Father, the merciful will of God in our election and in the power and grace which preserves to everlasting life--in connection with the warnings, alarms, cautions, threatenings, precepts, and general commands of God, as they lie in Holy Scripture: and to preach these doctrines without such authoritative and indispensable accompaniments. The two things are quite distinct. The one produces the real fruits of holy consistent love and obedience; the other is most defective in this important respect, as well as in many others. In short, the one is scriptural, unerring truth ; the other a human, fallible system. I am sure the Reformers well

understood this distinction. It is quite surprising to observe the wisdom and moderation of their writings. It was not their manner to push any one particular doctrine to excess, much less to exclude the practical parts of Christianity. Let any one read the publications of Luther or Melancthon, Calvin or Beza, Zuingle or Bullinger, Cranmer or Jewel —especially let him peruse the Book of Homilies of the Church of England, and he will be convinced of what I say. In fact, one of the sorest causes of grief to these holy men was the appearance, from time to time, of indiscreet and unscriptural teachers in the Protestant bodies, who "drew away disciples after them."

Still the sermon, which has drawn forth all these remarks, did me good. I passed over what I thought less scriptural; and was edified, animated, cheered by the general tenor of the address. Whilst I was with my friend and translator, I looked for a minute into Milner's History, and found, to my delight,

that the martyrs at Lyon were amongst the most holy of the primitive Christians. I now look back on Lyon, its amphitheatre, its subterraneous church, &c. with double interest.

I forgot to say that the King of the Netherlands has begun to appoint the ministers to the Protestant churches, when they are vacant; because the dissensions and animosities occasioned by the elections threw the towns into confusion. This right the King has just claimed, as I am informed, without asking any one's leave. Our King's prerogative of nominating bishops and deans was derived from a different source. The Reformation placed it in his hands when the supremacy of Rome was disavowed. But the chapters of cathedrals, I suppose, originally lost the choice from similar mischiefs. Popular elections in the church are the worst of all evils. In England all these appointments pass through the hands of the known and responsible ministers of the crown, which secures many of the ends of a free election without its attendant incon-

veniences. May the grace of God descend on our happy country, and sway public opinion more and more on matters of religion; and our sees will be proportionally adorned with primitive and apostolical pastors.

I observe everywhere a certain jealousy of England in the breasts of the people abroad, and even of some good people. This feeling probably would not exist to the degree it does, if English travellers conducted themselves with sound judgment, discretion, and Christian affection. Even now there are many thousand continental Christians who feel and express the sincerest love and the strongest attachment to their British brethren. Still I shall need much prudence in managing the translation of Scott, and obtaining an entrance for it amongst the great body of Protestants all over the continent who speak or read French—for my object is nothing less. The English and French languages divide the civilized world. I see clearly that the project could only be safely trusted to private hands; a public society

would not only spoil the work as a literary performance, but excite additional distrust and suspicion under the present circumstances of the continent.

Saturday Evening, Nine o'clock, Oct. 4.—I have had a very long, interesting, and instructive day. I have been out ten hours visiting the town. The views from Geneva—for here I must begin my story—are most beautiful. From the fortifications, you behold on all sides a fruitful and variegated country; with the Alps and nearer foreground of mountains covered with snow. I sat for a minute on a bench, about three o'clock, just out of the town, and I could not help quite breaking out into exclamations of surprise at the enchanting prospect around me. I took a boat afterwards, and rowed (for the last time) on this lovely Lake. I was more delighted, if possible, than ever. But I must really cease to talk of my impressions of Swiss scenery. I am, perhaps, more enthusiastic on this subject just now, because I have seen to-day an admirable

model of the greater part of my Swiss tour. It was twenty-six feet long by eighteen. The scale was small, Mont Blanc being only eleven inches high, instead of fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty feet; but it was quite sufficient to recal all my feelings of pleasure. It included Geneva on one side, and the Grimsel, Furca, Lucern, &c. on the others. I believe I told you that I saw a similar model of the centre of Switzerland, at Lucern, by General Pfyffer.

The next object I must mention is the Cathedral, a fine, spacious, unadorned building, with benches only (like all the Reformed churches), and the names of each proprietor pasted on the back of his seat. It contains the tomb of Henry, Duc de Rohan the chief of the Protestant party in France, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the time of the Romans, a Temple of the Sun stood on the spot. The noble reformers and divines of Geneva who had preached there two or three centuries back, came forcibly to my recollection, as I

walked through the solemn aisles—Farell—Viret—Calvin—Beza—Turretin, &c. For after all, it is not the buildings, but the men who filled them, and preached the Gospel of Christ to a lost world, which gives the real interest, and excites the warmest and most grateful associations of thought, in such visits.

I visited after this the public Library of fifty thousand volumes, which is open to all the city. It is curious to learn that haberdashers, tailors, watchmakers, pastry-cooks, carpenters, porters, journeymen, citizens of every class, flock every Tuesday to receive or change their books—four hundred persons of the common people on an average; and that they take out, not merely books of amusement, but of history, philosophy, theology. Accordingly most persons here are *savans*. Indeed, ever since the period of the Reformation, the sciences, the arts and industry have flourished here exceedingly. There is no city in Europe which has produced so great a number of illustrious writers, in proportion to its po-

pulation; there is none where ease and independance have so much reigned; and where knowledge has been so generally diffused. Even now extraordinary care is paid to education; and though its incorporation with France for sixteen years must, in various ways, have been injurious to it, yet it retains still the habits of a small and free town. The effect of all this on real religion and on the moral habits of the people; especially since the infection of infidel principles has tainted it; cannot be doubted—the pride of half-learning is a most dangerous thing in every view, and most of all as it respects a real submission of the understanding and heart to the doctrines and grace of the Gospel.—I speak of course generally.

Amongst the curiosities of the Library, I give the first place to Calvin's Sermons and Letters, which I venerated, though I could not decipher his hand-writing—it is the most perplexed of any I have seen; that of Farell and Viret, his fellow-reformers, is much more intelligible. I forgot to say that I saw

the spot where these reformers first preached at Geneva. A Letter of our Sir Isaac Newton pleased me in another view. There were collections also of the Letters of Beza and Bullinger. A volume of St. Austin's Homilies on papyrus, of the sixth century, was curious. A copy of Cicero de Officiis, printed at Mentz, in 1465, just after the invention of printing, had a notice at the end, boasting that the work had not been done with the pen, nor with ink, but accomplished by a certain *magnificent art newly discovered.* What immense progress has that art since made—what an engine of good and of evil is the press become in every free state! A noble copy of the Vulgate of the eighth century contained the disputed passage, 1 John v. 8, 9. A book of Philip le Bel, of the year 1314, was on boards of wood, covered with black wax, and written with a stylus or iron pen.

Let me now mention some of the persons whom I have seen to-day. I have been introduced to several of the professors and pastors.

One allowed me to talk with him freely. He was complaining of the new Dissidents from the National Genevese Church. I told him, the only way to keep a church united was to preach plainly and simply the Gospel of Christ; that if this was not done at Geneva, the dissensions would increase more and more. He replied, that during the last century, Voltaire was read by every shop-boy; and that the clergy, to keep the people Christians, confined themselves to moral topics merely; now, however, the clergy were beginning to preach the Gospel, because the times required it. I observed upon this, that the Gospel was the same in every age, and that truth and duty, not fashion, were the rule of a minister's conduct. I added, that though I did not myself, in every particular, agree with Calvin, yet on the points of the proper and supreme deity of Christ, the propitiation of his death, the fall of man, justification by faith, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and good works as the fruit of faith, I fully ac-

corded with him; and that the first men in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and all the English clergy (twelve thousand or more in number), agreed with me in the main as to these doctrines, though many would, undoubtedly, differ from me as to the particular manner of preaching and applying them. He received all I said with perfect good temper.

I have not time to-night (for it is half-past ten) to tell you of several other interviews; I will only say, I sat an hour in the evening with my friend from Hamburgh, who delighted me with an account of the revival of religion at that place—an impression made in the town—numbers converted—several young ministers raised up. My heart was rejoiced. The Gospel, wherever it is truly preached, is still "the power of God to salvation." Let us pray more fervently for the attendant grace of the Holy Spirit, and ministers will not be wanting to preach, nor congregations to hear and receive this blessed revelation of mercy.

Sunday Afternoon, Three o'clock, Oct. 5.—I went this morning at ten, to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I was grieved. Talent mis-employed, zeal wasted, arguments false or insufficient—all fundamentally wrong. A sermon on affliction, leaving out almost all the main topics, and grossly mistaking others. The church was full—congregation attentive—delivery good—matter ably arranged—all right, except the entire doctrine of the discourse. This was far more deficiently and erroneously treated than in the Catholic sermons at Martigny and Lyon. A Socinian might have preached it. After the sermon, I had a conference with a pious, amiable, aged minister, who mourns over the state of religion here, and prays and hopes for a gradual improvement in the body of pastors. He tells me, that subscription to the Helvetic Confession, which resembles our Thirty-nine Articles, was abolished about a hundred years since, by the Council of State, in consequence of the vehement disputes of the pastors

amongst themselves; that the Catechism was set aside in 1788; and that the Règlement followed in 1817.*

At twelve o'clock, I went to the Hospital, and heard an excellent sermon from an English clergyman. It did me good. The matter of it was as much superior to that which I had heard earlier in the morning, as the manner, composition, and delivery, were inferior. The contrast was striking: the French sermon, able, well-arranged, forcible—delivered with the whole soul of the preacher; the English, feeble, unimpressive—delivered with the indifference of a school-boy. I am far from supposing my fellow-countryman was aware of this; indeed I am persuaded he was not; but I state the impression as it was made on my mind at the time. The minister of the Gospel has not only to deliver certain truths, but to deliver them with the solemnity, the earnest-

* See the Notice concerning the Règlement at the end of this Letter, p. 233.

ness, the affection, the force necessary to arrest the consciences and touch the hearts of men. Sermons carelessly or tamely delivered will never arouse a sleeping world.

At two o'clock, I attended another of the pastors—a pleasing sermon, on the omniscience and omnipresence of God; nothing contrary to sound doctrine—rather agreeable to it. Thus far, then, have I gone in my sixteenth silent Sunday. My dear family arrived, as I hope, at Dijon from Lyon, last night; there I shall rejoice to meet them on Tuesday, that we may proceed on to Paris together, and return to dear, dear England.

Sunday Evening, Ten o'clock.—I have spent a most delightful evening at one of the Professors' of the University. We had family devotion. During the course of it arrived a French Protestant minister, from the Cevennes Mountains, in the department of the Garde, remarkable as the retreat of the Protestants in

the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the persecution of Louis XIV. Our host, when he had ended his own prayer, asked his new guest to pray, and then me; so that a minister of the Swiss, French, and English churches, prayed in succession. I trust it was truly in the spirit of what our creed calls, "The communion of saints." We had then an hour and a half of most edifying conversation—quite delightful. The French minister complained loudly of the indiscretion of friends in England, in addressing, a few years ago, circular letters to the Protestant ministers of La Garde, to inquire whether they were persecuted, &c. The Préfet of his parish was extremely angry, and asked, what the English would have said if French priests had sent circular letters to the Catholics of Ireland, with similar inquiries?

He told me a circumstance that is very interesting: at the revocation of the Edict

of Nantes, in 1685, when Louis XIV. persecuted the Protestants of the Cevennes with his Dragonnades, he pulled down their churches to build forts: and now within a few years (since Bonaparte gave liberty to the Protestants), some of these forts have been destroyed, in return, to build churches. Surely a retributive Providence rules the world, and is at times visibly apparent; persecution, especially, seems to be visited and avenged by the righteous dispensations of the Most High. This French minister from the sequestered mountains of Cevennes charmed me—such piety, talent, vivacity, simplicity, joined with an original creative genius, that he quite arrested me. He has left that same sort of powerful impression on my mind, which my dear friends, the French minister at Franckfort, and M. Wyttenbach at Bern, in different ways, did. But I must absolutely close—the coach starts at half-past four in the morning. Adieu.

Monday Morning, half-past Four.—At Geneva still, just going off for Dijon. Farewell Switzerland! Morning cold, dark, and miserable.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

Notice

On the Règlement of Geneva.*

This Règlement of the Church of Geneva, which was issued in May 1817, and which prohibits the clergy from inculcating fully and explicitly the Divinity of Christ, Original Sin, Grace, and Predestination, is one of the most afflictive circumstances which has occurred in any Protestant church since the Reformation. The open persecution at Lausanne I have already ventured to notice with the indignation which I conceive it merits. There, however, the great articles of Christian truth are not directly attacked. The doctrine of the church remains untouched—the confession, the liturgy, the other formularies of the Reformation survive. The sword of intolerance is, indeed, absurdly and wickedly drawn against those who infringe on the ecclesiastical discipline of

* Referred to page 228.

the canton. But the true faith may be preached without interruption within the pale of that establishment. No doctrines are there proscribed. But at Geneva, persecution is united with an open departure in the Church itself, from the first principles of the Gospel; the very foundations of Christianity are dug up,—the wells of salvation corrupted and poisoned.

A laboured apology for the Règlement has been attempted by M. Simond, in his late acute and able work on Switzerland.* He does not, indeed, scruple to regret that it was issued; but the main purport of his remarks is to show, that it was necessary to preserve the peace of the church, and that the ministers of Geneva have done right in not prolonging fruitless debates after fourteen centuries of contention.

This apology is exactly agreeable to the indifference as to religious opinions, which is so fashionable in the present day. But the

* Voyage en Suisse. Paris 1822, p. 353—363.

real question is, whether any body of ministers have a right to alter, conceal, or check the full and fair development of the great truths of revelation, on the plea of preserving peace. Are not the doctrines of the deity and propitiation of the Son of God, of the lost and fallen condition of man, of the necessity of efficacious grace to the conversion of the heart from sin to holiness, and of the ascription of all we receive and hope for to the mercy of God, the very sum and substance of the Christian religion? And though the doctrine of the divine will in predestination be not a tenet equally fundamental, yet it is confessedly found in the Holy Scriptures, and is avowed and expounded in most of the Protestant confessions. The Seventeenth Article of the English Church is expressly on this topic. As to the other three prohibited doctrines, I would ask, What is the great mystery of godliness, but "God manifest in the flesh?" What the great proclamation of the Gospel itself, but that "God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself?" What the great charge brought

against the human race, but that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," that "by one man sin entered into the world," that we "are all by nature children of wrath," and that it is "God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure?" What is the main summary of the whole scheme of revelation, but that "by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast; for ye are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that ye should walk in them?" And what was the chief glory of the Reformation, but to have brought again these truths to light, and made them the subjects of public instruction?

It is true, disputes and controversies have, through the infirmity of man, arisen in various ages, on questions connected with these sublime mysteries. But are there not abundant remedies for such evils provided in the precepts and narratives of the New Testament, and especially in the Epistles of St. Paul? Was it ever

imagined, that the remedy of such debates was the annihilation of the whole Gospel itself? Did St. Paul, on account of the dissentions at Corinth, cease to preach "Jesus Christ, and him crucified?" When the Galatians disputed so as even to "devour one another," did he not the more solemnly inculcate the Gospel which he had first delivered? And with regard to peace in the particular church of Geneva, did not the Règlement of June 1, 1725, as M. Simond acknowledges, require the Moderator to charge those who were admitted into the sacred ministry "not to treat in the pulpit of any curious and useless topics, which might disturb the peace of the church;" whilst he nevertheless engaged them to "maintain the doctrine of the holy Apostles and Prophets, as it is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament, of which doctrine they had a summary in their Catechism?" Why was this formula, which was stripped of its last clause in 1788, not restored, as the most natural and authoritative expedient for preserving peace?

M. Simond says, with a sort of triumph, that the ministers are only forbidden to preach on these four proscribed topics controversially. But were the excellent discourses of the Regent, in 1818, on The Fall of the Faithful, and on The Faith which saves, controversial? Can any discourses be more simple, more practical, more solid, more affecting? Why then were the pulpits of Geneva closed against him? Or were the private instructions he gave the children of his class polemical, or contrary to the peace of the church? Why then was he dismissed arbitrarily from his office, and cast with his wife and children upon the wide world?

M. Simond draws an extravagant portrait of the sentiments which he is pleased to denominate methodistical, as maintained at Geneva. It is not my province to defend every particular sentiment or proceeding into which pious persons, under an unjust and intolerant inquisition, may have fallen. Nothing can be

more unfair than to lay hold on the mistakes or infirmities of those who are the objects of persecution, as a palliation of such persecution itself. Supposing these errors to be tenfold greater than they have been alleged to be by their bitterest enemies, no reasonable man can doubt that the pious Regent above referred to, and the other students at Geneva, were silenced and deprived of their rights, not on account of those indiscretions, but because they held the doctrines of Farell, and Viret, and Calvin, and Beza, and all the Reformers on the fundamental tenets of the glorious Gospel; because they believed and professed the mystery of the Eternal Trinity, the divinity and atonement of the Son of God, the fall and corruption of man, and his incapacity for any thing spiritually good without the operation of divine grace; and the ascription of salvation from first to last to the undeserved mercy of God in Christ Jesus—those mysteries within which all the truth, and holiness, and consolation of genuine Christianity lie, and which, when they they are excluded, no single instance

can be produced of any real progress made in Christian piety and virtue.

But M. Simond enumerates, with much complacency, the doctrines which the ministers of Geneva are still allowed to preach—the providence of God, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the necessity of a divine revelation, &c. &c.; and concludes by assuring us, that it is the chef-d'œuvre of theology to make revealed, agree with natural religion—the very Deism this, coloured over with Christianity, which marks the fatal fall which I am deploring in the church of Geneva. For what are these doctrines, if separated from the great sacrifice of an Incarnate Saviour, and the efficacious operations of the Eternal Spirit, but a mockery of man's misery? Where is pardon, where adoption, where peace of conscience, where regeneration and conversion, where holy love to a dying and glorified Saviour, where the influences of grace, where the springs of obedience and mortification of sin, which are all necessary in order to meet with

comfort this awful resurrection and the judgment of the last day? Better, far better that the delusive peace of the Genevese church should be troubled, than that all the souls committed to its care should perish in ignorance of the life-giving truths of salvation. Indeed real peace in a church can be obtained by no such methods. The way to that great blessing is, by the humble, faithful preaching of the Gospel in all its fulness, as it was delivered to us by the Apostles and Evangelists, and re-asserted by the Reformers and Martyrs—then would a meek and docile temper be framed, and all the holy fruits of obedience cultivated, in those who received the grace of the Saviour; and thus peace would flourish and abound.

I speak the more warmly on this subject, because Geneva furnishes many of the Protestant churches in every part of Europe with young pastors. The doctrines of her once celebrated university are preached at Paris and Lyon, at Brussels and Hamburgh, at London and St. Petersburg. Let us pray then that

divine truth may again revive amongst her ministers, pastors, and professors. Voltaire and Rousseau have passed away. The mischievous and poisonous influence of their writings is rapidly diminishing. They live no longer to feed a prurient curiosity with a succession of impious and licentious productions. Let us hope, then, that sound learning and sound theology may gradually revive. Surely the pastors of Geneva must hear sometimes of the grief and consternation which fill Protestant Europe at their fall—Surely they must feel the cutting reproaches of Roman Catholics, and even of Infidels, on their inconsistent and unmanly conduct as professors of the religion of Christ*—Surely they must

* M. Simond quotes Rousseau as saying, with much truth, "People ask the ministers of the church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ is God. They dare not reply. A philosopher casts a rapid look on them. He penetrates them, he sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he says this, with the idea of doing them honour. Immediately they assemble in alarm and terror, they discuss, they are agitated, they know not on what saint to call, and after a variety of consultations, deliberations, conferences, all ends in an equivoque in which they neither say yes nor no. O

observe in the incipient dissenting bodies springing up in the bosom of their republic, and which will probably increase till the true doctrine is again preached in the churches, that neither peace nor unity can be attained on their present plan.—Surely that part at least of the ministers and students whose prejudices are less fixed, must see, in the daily accounts of the progress of religion in every part of the world by the name of the Lord Jesus, that there is a reality in the Gospel, a power, an efficacy from on high, which attends the humble preaching of the doctrines of grace, to which no other scheme of religion can pretend.

May the time be hastened, when Geneva, having "repented and done her first works," shall again resume her rank amongst the Reformed Churches, and become once more the

Genevese, your ministers are truly singular persons; people know not what they believe, nor what they do not believe. One knows not even what they pretend to believe; their only manner of establishing their faith is by attacking that of others."

favourite university of continental Europe! The small number of her pastors* may make a return comparatively easy. Already some favourable appearances present themselves. I had the pleasure of seeing myself several pastors who were imbued with the genuine love of a crucified Saviour, and I heard of others who still "hold the HEAD." In the meantime, let it be the care of those who are "suffering for righteousness' sake" to walk circumspectly, to study the meek and passive character of the primitive Christians when under persecution, to imbibe the eminent spirit of wisdom and humility which adorned the Reformers of the Swiss churches, and which was more remarkable than even their fortitude or zeal; and, above all, to "take heed to THE DOCTRINE" which they preach, that it be "sound speech that cannot be condemned"—that they dwell chiefly on great and necessary truths—that they avoid matters of confessed difficulty or inferior moment, however scriptural, in their

* About thirty or forty.

view, they may be;—or that, at all events, they treat such points with the reserve which the Apostles constantly exhibit—and that thus they "show themselves to be workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."*

* I am happy, truly happy, to be able to say, from my last accounts from Switzerland (March 1825), that the spirit of persecution appears to be much declining at Geneva—that the pious Regent above referred to is allowed to preach and exercise his ministry in a separate meeting-house without molestation; and that some hope may be entertained of a gradual approximation once more to the truth of the Gospel, on the part of the ministers and inhabitants of the city and canton.

LETTER XVII.

Poligny, October 7, 1823.—*Paris, October* 11, 1823.

Nyon—Calvin and Fletcher—Catholic Lady—Conversation on Popery—Geneva—Prohibited Books—Auxonne—Irish Catholics—Dijon—Miraculous Image of Virgin—Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy—Bossuet—Waggons—Auxerre—Joigny—Cardinal de Retz—Fontainbleau—Apartments of the Pope—Bonaparte's Abdication—Place of Madrid—Character of Bonaparte—Sens—St. Bernard—Manners of People—Catholics receiving Tracts—Arrival at Paris.

Dôle, Department of the Jura, 110 *miles from Geneva, about* 2522 *miles from London by my route, Tuesday Morning, October* 7, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

So far have I come in this tiresome diligence. We left Geneva at half-past four yesterday. The day soon broke out beautifully.

We drove along the Lake to Nyon, which I just named to you as I was first passing to Geneva six weeks back.* It is an agreeable town, of eighteen hundred souls, supposed to be the Roman Novodunum, about eleven miles from Geneva. Marble urns, inscriptions, and other antiquities are still found in its neighbourhood. It is endeared to Englishmen as having given birth to Fletcher of Madeley—a name connected with all that is pure and exalted in piety, and amiable and disinterested in benevolence—nothing, I think, in modern times has equalled the habitual spirituality of mind, the holy and ardent love, the utter abstraction from worldly things, the unaffected humility, the self-denying and tender compassion for souls, that distinguished this eminent minister. Had the Great Reformer of Geneva, two centuries previous, united the lovely and seraphic qualities of Fletcher, with his own prodigious grasp of intellect, the Reformation would have gained incalculably. The sweetness and de-

* Vol. i. p. 292.

votion of the one, joined to the penetrating judgment and vast intellect of the other, would have formed a character of surpassing excellence.* But I have no time to enlarge.

After passing Nyon, we ascended the Dôle mountain, the highest of the chain of the Jura; five thousand eight hundred and fifty feet—insufferably cold. We supped at St. Laurent; and at half-past four this morning, we arrived at Poligny, having performed eighty-three miles in twenty-four hours, i. e. not quite three miles and a half in the hour. The road across the Jura was surrounded with rude, magnificent scenery, and in some places was sublime and beautiful. Snow lay scattered here and there, and on the summit pretty thickly. Posts are erected at short intervals, to mark its depth in the winter. One set of

* Mr. Fletcher's name was properly Jean Guillaume de la Fléchère. He was born at Nyon, September 12th, 1729; and died August 14th, 1785. Calvin, whose name originally was Jean Chauvin or Cauvin, was a native of Picardy, but spent the greater part of his life at the celebrated city of Geneva. He was born July 10, 1509, and died May 27, 1564.

miserable horses drew us forty-four miles, three stages. The drivers managed this, by making them rest while we supped, and whilst our luggage was searched, which was only three times in nine hours! Dôle, where we are about to breakfast, is a town of eight thousand five hundred souls, on the river Doube, the Dubis of Cæsar, and formerly the capital of Franche-compté; in a tract which, from its fertility and beauty, has received the name of the *Val d'Amour*. It contains some ruins of a Roman amphitheatre and of two aqueducts.

I have two English gentlemen as my companions, who are very agreeable; and one Italian lady, who speaks good French. She talks fast on all sorts of subjects, and amongst other questions asked me this morning, if I was a Catholic. This led to a long conversation. The point I insisted upon was, that the Church of Rome had gradually lost the simple and scriptural meaning of each separate part of the Christian religion, and had substituted

for it a gross external sense, just suited to the ignorance and corruption of the human heart. Thus, for the spiritual invisible church, it had substituted the outward church of Rome, and for Christ its head, the Pope; for feeding by faith on the body and blood of Christ, transubstantiation; for repentance, penance; for contrition and lowliness of heart, lacerations and pilgrimages; for confession of sins before God, auricular confession to a priest; for prayer to God from the heart, endless repetitions of Paternosters; for reverence and honour to the Virgin Mary and the saints, religious and, in fact, idolatrous worship; for secret holy love to the Saviour, images and crucifixes; for reliance on the satisfaction and atonement of Christ only, the sacrifice of the mass, prostrations, scourgings, lacerations, merits of saints, indulgences, purgatory, &c.; for the influence of the Holy Spirit, merit of congruity, a mere external and formal routine of ceremonies, man's unassisted efforts, incense, lights ever burning, &c.; and so of all the rest!

She confessed, that in her heart she preferred the Protestant religion, as the most pure and unadorned; but that having been brought up a Catholic, she did not feel at liberty to change. I could make no impression on her. She said she had been once present at the Protestant service at Paris, and was charmed with the simplicity of the prayers; and above all with the clear and manly exposition of the Gospel given by the minister in his sermon. I found I could not supply what was wanting in her state of mind —a deep conviction of the value of the soul— a right sense of sin as committed against God —a holy dread of giving that honour to creatures, which the almighty Jehovah claims for himself—and, above all, a living faith in the all-sufficient atonement of that divine Saviour, whose sacrifice is in effect made void by the superstitions and human merits of Popery. I thought it at last most advisable to urge her to read the New Testament, and to attend earnestly to the main essentials of religion, as

she found them there enforced; repentance for sin, faith in the merits of our Saviour Christ, love to God and man, and obedience to the divine law, as flowing from these principles. This advice did not irritate her. She admitted the propriety of complying with it; and we continued excellent friends during the remainder of our journey.

The country, since we have descended the Jura, is tolerably pleasant, but not fine. The villages are rather miserable. The women wear wooden shoes without stockings. The lands are not well cultivated: there are vineyards occasionally.

As the breakfast is not ready, I may as well inform you that the ministers of Geneva (for I tell you things as they come to my recollection) have the unfavourable habit of perpetually changing duties with each other: a printed paper being published in the town every Saturday, with a list of the preachers for the week. Besides this, they have months of re-

pose, alternately with months of preaching; the consequence, I conceive, must be, that the pastoral feelings must be weakened, as well as the habits of painful diligence which become the minister of Christ. But it is all of a piece. The religion of too many of the Genevese, and indeed of the Swiss generally, seems at present to have woefully degenerated from the dedication of the heart to God, and the pervading influence of Christian principles through the whole life, to a formal preparation for the first communion and an attendance on the three or four annual festivals. Surely this is greatly to mistake the nature of true religion, and must bring down on them the marked displeasure of the Divine Head of the Church, who "holds the stars in his right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks."*

There is, however, much sincere and simple devotion amongst many individuals at

* Rev. ii. 1.

Geneva, notwithstanding the general state of the church. One lady, the mother of a large family, charmed me with her humble and yet ardent spirit of piety. It is said that her deeds of charity may be counted not merely by the days, but by the hours of her life. She maintains in the most admirable order two orphan schools almost at her own charge. Her love to her Saviour, her delight in prayer, her meekness, her humility and teachableness, her zeal in every good work, delighted me, even on the short acquaintance I had the opportunity of forming. I trust there are many, many such in every class of society, and that the number will increase—for I hope my remarks, though apparently severe, are consistent with the most genuine charity—I wish them to be so—sometimes I half retract what I am writing, lest I should overstep the limits of that tenderness and love, which Christ our Lord enjoins, and which his Gospel breathes throughout. I can sincerely declare that the unfavourable reports I send you, are most reluctantly made.

Prohibited books are introduced into the Continental States in a curious way: the title-page and contents of Blair's Sermons, for example, are printed and inserted for those of O'Meara's Bonaparte, and thus the fraud is concealed. A patriotic spirit is a good deal cherished amongst the youth; the students of all the different colleges and academies meet once a year, at a central spot in Switzerland, to encourage a love to their country; about six hundred are meeting this week, at Zofingen.

Dijon, Capital of ancient Burgundy, eight o'clock, Tuesday Night. — Thank God, I am safely arrived, after a journey of one hundred and eighty-two miles from Geneva, performed in thirty-eight weary hours. I left Dôle at twelve, in another coach which met us from Besançon, and which consisted of three parts, a front chariot and two bodies of coaches, most awkardly united and placed on the same wheels (something like our double coaches in England), and holding fifteen persons inside

altogether. I was seated in the chariot, which they call Le coupé. We had five horses, and our pace improved so astonishingly, that we went five miles and a half the hour! We passed through a fortified town, named Auxonne, where Bonaparte is said to have studied in the School of Artillery. I had a companion in the coupé, who was descended of Irish parents. He was a sensible, well-informed, communicative man, a Catholic. You may judge what was the subject of our discourse—the conduct of our government to the Irish Catholics. In fact, during the whole course of our tour, nothing has been so frequently objected to me as this topic. Whatever observations an Englishman makes on the laws or usages of the continental nations, the constant answer is, Look to your own treatment of the Catholics of Ireland. I replied to my companion as mildly as I could, vindicating our government very much on the ground of the violent prejudices and party-spirit which have prevented any fair judgment from being formed, and any impartial public measures

being carried, on such an irritated question; at the same time observing to him that foreigners often had a very incorrect and inadequate notion of the real situation of the Irish Roman Catholics; and that in a free country like England, the government could adopt no general arrangements with respect to them, without the concurrence of Parliament, and the support of public opinion. I told him I was myself far from joining in the indiscriminate hostility against all further change in the restrictive laws, which animated too many of my countrymen; but was, on the contrary, rather inclined to the opinion that additional civil privileges might be gradually granted the Catholics, in proportion as their loyalty and general good conduct should seem to entitle them to them. I added, that as a zealous Protestant, I conceived the more we could mix the Irish with the rest of the subjects of the British crown, and fairly increase their stake in the blessings of the British constitution, the more we should loosen the bands of priestcraft, and separate them from their present

guides. In reply, he assured me that it was his firm opinion that a conscientious Catholic might be a most loyal and faithful subject of a Protestant prince—the power of the Pope had for a long time been so purely spiritual, or rather ecclesiastical and formal—nothing, he thought, but a violent party-spirit could in any way make it dangerous. I give you the conversation exactly as it occurred. I am far from dogmatizing, as you know, on so complicated and difficult a point. Popery I hate from the bottom of my heart. But the obvious ill effects of the system now acted upon in Ireland, and the anomalous, inconsistent state of the laws affecting the Catholics, together with the uniform practice of the continental governments, seem to advise the trial of new and more lenient proceedings.

I found my dearest Mrs. W. and my daughter here pretty well. They arrived from Lyon on Saturday, at noon. The dear boys set off, in one of the carriages, for Paris, on Monday morning, because the eldest is called to Ox-

ford, by the commencement of the University term. Thus has it pleased God to preserve and bless us. We follow my sons to-morrow to Paris. Adieu.

Maison Neuve, Department of Cote d'Or, 43 Miles from Dijon, on the Auxerre and Fontainebleau road to Paris, Wednesday Evening, Seven o'clock, Oct. 8.—Such is the place from which I date my letter to-night. We all retired to rest last evening, at Dijon, between eight and nine. I slept quite well till six, and then rose to visit the town of Dijon—the birth-place of Bossuet—before we set off. I first went to the church of St. Benigne, the spire of which has an elevation of three hundred and seventy feet. It is one of the most elegant I have ever seen; the spires of Coventry and Worcester are the only ones to which I can compare it. As I walked along, I happened to observe on all the churches an immense placard. I stopped from mere curiosity to see what it was. It was an advertisement of a new edition of the History of the miraculous

Image of Nôtre Dame at Dijon. I thought this quite piquant; I hurried to the church, and looked all around: a gaudy, embellished building, filled with altars, and pictures; and statues; but no image, that I could discover. I was determined not to be disappointed; and going out I met an elderly lady apparently approaching the church door, and inquired of her if that was the church of the miraculous Image. She replied with a manifest feeling of pleasure, that it was; and immediately took me up to an altar in the church, on which was the statue of the Virgin, resembling that of a blackamoor, and decked out with tawdry ornaments.

I afterwards bought the book: positively it asserts the various miracles performed by this wretched figure. Nay more, indulgences are granted to all who worship this image, and a society is formed to celebrate feasts to her honour. As the image is black, the author attempts to prove, very gravely, that the Virgin Mary was of a swarthy complexion,

and applies to her the mystical words of the Canticles, "I am black, but comely." He supposes the image to be of the eleventh century. He affirms, that it is not only "*the object of the confidence of the inhabitants of Dijon, but that all the province invokes it.*" This is the language he uses. The alleged miracles are, like all the Popish ones, more than dubious. For instance, the Swiss besieged Dijon in 1513—they were about to storm the city—the whole town betook itself to pray to the image of the Virgin—the enemies relented, and the siege was raised. In such an event, supposing it to be true, every one sees there is not even a pretence to that broad, direct, and palpable suspension of the powers of nature, open to the view of mankind, which distinguishes the miracles of the Gospel. I have brought the book with me to England. What can one hope for, when such mummeries are obtruded upon France, in the nineteenth century, and after the attacks made by infidelity on our common Christianity?

Two-thirds of the churches of Dijon are shut up and used as storehouses and granaries. The Place Royale is in the form of a horse-shoe, and contains the Provincial Palace and the ancient house of assembly of the parliament of Burgundy. The Palace of the old Dukes of Burgundy is now occupied by a police office, museum, and library. One of the magnificent staircases is used as a bookseller's shop; the arcades are built up, and used as shops likewise. Such are the transformations which a few years make in the mansions of the great. Dijon was the seat of one of the ancient parliaments, and contains now twenty-two thousand souls. The Protestants are considered by some of the common people to be Jews, or rather, as I hope, confounded with them, just as they were at Dunkirk; for I cannot imagine any persons actually to believe the Protestants to be Jews.

But you will be anxious for me to come to the great Bossuet—I inquired of several per-

sons where he lived; but was surprised to find no one knew any thing about him. At Lichfield every child would have pointed out to me the house where our great English moralist* was born. At last I discovered the street which bears his name, Rue de Bossuet. It still took me some time to ascertain the spot of his birth. I went from house to house; not a creature could give me any information: with great difficulty I at length found the place, a bookseller's shop. The bookseller himself was hardly aware of the distinguished person who had formerly inhabited his dwelling. Two hundred years had, in fact, effaced almost all traces of this prodigious genius, except his small chapel. I entered it, and examined every part, not without veneration. The house itself has undergone so many alterations, as to contain only a few rooms of the original building. Bossuet is undoubtedly the first writer whom the French possess; but he is not one of my greatest favourites. I cannot divest my mind of his harsh treatment of the

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

amiable Fénélon. His haughty domineering spirit, also, as he acquired weight in the councils of France, and the share which I cannot but think he took, notwithstanding the apologies of his biographer, Bausset, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have left an unfavourable impression on my mind as to his whole character.

But his sermons, which were not prepared for publication, and are the first effusions of his heart in his early life, when his piety seems to have been really fervent and sincere, are admirable. They were published after his death. I prefer them to those of Massillon and Bourdaloue. There is quite as much of religious truth in them, with more of nature, force, energy, surprising thoughts, and an overpowering eloquence, negligent of exact form, and quite bearing away the mind of the reader. The finest trait in his conduct at court was his writing to his royal master when at the camp in Flanders, to remonstrate with him, in the most respectful but firm manner,

on the scandal of his connexion with Madame de Montespan—and then his going out to meet the king when he was returning from the campaign, and alighting from his carriage, and placing himself in the midst of the road, by which his majesty was about to pass, in order to entreat and urge him to a change of conduct, and a conversion to God. This was noble, and as became a Christian bishop, especially towards an imperious tyrant like Louis XIV.

But I must not enlarge. The city of Dijon is one of the finest in France: the streets are wide and open, and the buildings handsome. It stands on the river Ouche. I met a young Catholic student at a bookseller's. He seemed tolerably well informed. The University here is amongst the most celebrated in France. We left Dijon at half-past nine, and came to this village (Maison Neuve), where, finding no horses, we have taken up our abode for the night. We have had beautiful weather, and good roads; but the horses and postillions

are so indifferent, that we have been eight hours going forty-three miles.

We have met a great many waggons to-day of rather a curious construction. They are small carriages, on four wheels, without bodies; the merchandize being packed with straw, on two trunks of trees, which form the bottom of the waggon. The whole is covered with a wrapper of white clean cloth, and kept close with cords. One horse draws the carriage. A train of ten or twenty of them follow each other, and there is one man to about five. Goods are transported in this way all across France. The horse has an enormous collar, and a cloth over the harness. We met numbers of these waggons in many parts of Switzerland. Sometimes the pole of them rises many feet above the horse's head, in the most awkward way imaginable, and then it has two chains joining it to the harness of the animal. In fact, so far as I can judge, France is, in most respects, much behind our happy country. You see scarcely any fields, barns,

and farm-houses, in this part of the Côte d'Or —all is one common. The country through which we have passed to-day has been far from fine—but I must prepare for retiring to rest; it is past eight o'clock. The dear boys, I hope, arrived at Paris this afternoon; we are about one hundred and seventy-five miles off. We hope to sleep to-morrow night at Joigny, Friday at Fontainebleau, and Saturday at Paris.

Joigny, Thursday Evening, half-past Six.— Through God's goodness we have arrived safely in this town, after a journey of seventy-seven English miles. The chief things which have pleased us to-day are Avallon and Auxerre. Avallon is a romantic town on the river Cousin: the celebrated Theodore Beza is said to have been born in the neighbourhood. We stopped to take some refreshment, and in the salle à manger found a priest who was eating a solitary meal. He seemed depressed and abject, his attire was mean, and his whole appearance opposite to the general air of the

priests whom we saw at Domo D'Osola and Milan. France and Italy are clearly two different places as it respects ecclesiastical domination.

Auxerre is one of the most beautifully situated cities which I have seen since I left England. It is the chief town of the Department of the Yonne, and stands on the river of that name; it has twelve thousand souls. A gentle hill gives the place a lovely appearance from a distance. As you approach, the view is remarkably fine. The foreground is covered with vineyards; then the river presents itself; above is the town, on the rising ground, crowned with fertile hills and meadows. The sides are bounded by trees and pastures on the one hand, and the fine bridge leading to the town on the other. Whilst we were changing horses, I ran up with my little Eliza to see the Cathedral, which is a noble, lofty structure. We have been passing to-day through some of the finest vineyards of this part of France. The vintage is not yet begun.

The vin ordinaire, included in the dinners, is now excellent.

Friday Evening, October 10th, half-past Six, Fontainebleau, Department of Seine and Marne, 40 miles from Paris.—Again a day of goodness and mercy from our Heavenly Father. My dear Ann and Eliza are now sitting by me happy and comfortable, after the hasty dinner of which we have just partaken. They are not over-fatigued. I seem now to be at home; we are so near to Paris. We have come sixty-one miles to-day from Joigny; and our road and horses have been so good, that we were somewhat less than nine hours upon the route.

This morning I rose soon after five, and was out by six visiting the town of Joigny. I was not aware of it; but really we have advanced so far into the autumn, that I could hardly see my way about. The evenings seem yet more drawn in. At half-past six yesterday, when we arrived at Joigny, it was rather

later and darker than we could have wished. Joigny is a small town, in Champagne, of five thousand souls, beautifully situated on the river Yonne. It has a long handsome quay along the river. The culture of the vine is the principal object of trade. The chief part of the town is, like Auxerre, on the ascent of a steep hill; on the summit of which stands a ruined château, built by Père de Gondi, father of the too celebrated Cardinal de Retz. I walked through the dilapidated rooms, half-enlightened by the obscure dawn, with a feeling of melancholy on considering the vanity of human grandeur. How many instances have we seen of the monuments of proud ambition and magnificent vice all laid in ruin! Moral triumphs and the praises of real and exalted virtue are, after all, the only ones that are enduring, even in this world. The ambitious conqueror, the demagogue, the leader of factions, the heresiarch, sink into neglect with the glare of prosperity—their palaces fade with their fame. The flower of the field drops not so quickly. But the true benefactors of man-

kind live in the memories of men; their praise takes root, and spreads around and flourishes in perpetual bloom—and if truly Christian principles have guided their conduct, the love of their fellow-creatures is crowned by the favour and approbation of God.

But the most striking lesson I have received on this subject is in the superb château of Fontainebleau, where we now are. As soon as we arrived here (at four this afternoon), I went to visit this celebrated palace. All Europe is familiar with it by name; it is an immense mass of buildings, containing five squares or courts; almost like a town. It is mentioned in history as a royal palace ever since the thirteenth century; but it is indebted for its chief extension and improvement to Francis I. It was a favourite residence of Francis I. Henry IV. Louis XIV. and Bonaparte, just the four persons most celebrated in French history. There is a spot where Henry IV. is said to have held his secret councils. The Pope, who is just dead, was

imprisoned here by Bonaparte for a year and a half. The conscientious resistance which he made to the demands of the Usurper, cast a splendor around his character. We walked through the suite of apartments, and saw his library, chapel, saloon, &c. The altar of the room which he used as his chapel is now set aside and marked by an inscription. The Count d'Artois (now King) makes use of the same rooms, and had left them only the day before yesterday: he comes to hunt in the forest, of thirty-four thousand acres (twelve leagues), surrounding the château.

But I hasten to mention, what was the most affecting circumstance, that I saw the very table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, April, 1814, in the very room where he sat, and adjoining the very bed-room in which he slept. Fontainebleau was his favourite palace. Now all his pictures are removed, and every trace of him effaced—what a lesson! I was struck with a large model of the city of Madrid placed in the ball-room, which Bona-

parte ordered to be begun in 1802, and which took the architect six years to finish. The very source of his overthrow seems to have been a darling object, years before his first invasion of Spain in 1808!

History will soon sit in judgment on this extraordinary man. His scepticism as to all religious truth, his unbounded ambition, the fury of his passions, his waste of human life and happiness in the prosecution of his projects, the injustice and treachery of his invasions, the iron yoke which he imposed on the subject nations, his unmitigated hatred of England, his many individual acts of cruelty and blood, are points now generally admitted. But it is impossible to travel on the Continent without being compelled to witness the proofs of his admirable policy, and of his zeal to promote, in many respects, the welfare and intellectual advancement of the people over whom he reigned. Not to dwell on the liberty of public worship which he nobly granted, from whatever motive, to the Protestants of

every confession: there is something so splendid in his national works, there are so many monuments of his legislative wisdom, so many traits of grandeur in his projects, and such a hardihood and perseverance manifest in all his great enterprises, that you do not wonder that his name is still everywhere revered. Then the diversity and extent of his knowledge, and the unbounded range of the objects of his attention, increase one's surprise. War, commerce, the arts, science, literature, the adorning of cities and towns, the education of youth, religion itself as an instrument of government, every thing seemed to be within his grasp, or to subserve his ruling purposes. He brought, in fact, royalty and talent into such close contact, that there was some danger of men beginning to estimate the value of a sceptre by the mere ability of the hand that wielded it.

The unfavourable tendency of this seductive union of splendid vice and successful ambition, on the public morals and the religious

habits of Europe, is obvious—it debases the best principles of the heart. Of Bonaparte, as an unconscious instrument of Divine Providence for scourging guilty nations, for shaking the papacy to its base, and arousing those dormant energies in the mass of the population of Europe, which may probably issue in the general diffusion of a reasonable liberty, and of all the blessings of the glorious Gospel of Christ, I will not trust myself to speak. This view, though correct perhaps, has been too exclusively taken already by religious persons. They have allowed their horror of individual crime, and even their sense of personal responsibility to be lessened, by mingling this question with the supposed purposes of the Divine Providence—a mistake infinitely pernicious. A humble reference, indeed, of every event after it has occurred and the issue is known, to the sovereign and mysterious government of God, is a clearly scriptural duty; but to applaud or extenuate the guilt of man, and help on a course of criminal ambition, on the ground of its conceived agreement with

the order of prophecy and the secret will of God, is a presumptuous and fatal error. But I check myself.

The country through which we have passed to-day has been tolerably fine; but as we are now travelling North, just at the turn of the year, we feel excessively cold. As we passed through Sens, we looked up with interest to the Cathedral where the pious and devotional Bernard, the last of the Fathers of the Church, refuted, in 1140, the doctrines of Abelard. This celebrated heretic, you may remember, had challenged St. Bernard to the conference. The saint went to it in Christian meekness and fear. As soon as the extracts from Abelard's writings had been read before the audience (where the King of France, Louis VII. was present, with his nobles, and the prelates and clergy of the diocese), Abelard was overwhelmed with confusion, at being thus confronted with his own writings, and suddenly left the assembly. His errors were then unanimously condemned. There is something

gratifying in visiting the spot where seven centuries before, the name and grace of our Lord Jesus were thus triumphant. Many similar cases are recorded of the daring leaders of of heresies being confused and struck dumb, as it were, at the simple exposition of their own tenets, in the presence of the holy and humble disciples of Christ, armed with the Sacred Scriptures only.

We have now passed through about sixty miles of vineyards. The vines are short, planted in rows, and supported by sticks; not by treillises and arbours as in Italy. As the vintage is approaching, persons are set to guard the grapes. They are chiefly red in this part of the country. The costume of the women is not remarkable: no bonnets are worn on any part of the Continent, except by the higher classes. The female peasants here wear a coloured handkerchief wrapped round the head in the form of a turban, often of a red or scarlet colour. The men affect a dirty, shabby, finery; a beggar comes up to you with

a military cocked hat; a stable-boy has a pig-tail, and perhaps powdered hair, ear-rings, and generally a dirty night-cap; the boots of the postillions are of enormous and lumbering size; some to-day were ribbed with iron, and actually made the feet of the poor rider swing about, instead of his being able to guide them; then an undressed sheep's-skin with all its wool, enveloping the knees, is a further addition to his burden.

The agriculture still appears wretched. Almost all one common land. A horse, a mule, an ass, draw the same plough, which a woman drives, whilst a man guides the ploughshare. On the roads, too, you meet a waggon heavily laden, with four large fine horses like ours in England, and then an ass in front, leader of the train; and this ass, a mean, half-starved creature. The fact is, the proprietors bring out every animal they possess of every species, when they have goods to transport from place to place. The number of beggars is shocking; their diseased, distorted appear-

ance is often such, that I am obliged to give them something before we can get out of the carriage. The dirt, untidiness, misery, in the private habits of the innkeepers and ordinary inhabitants of the Continent, German, Swiss, Italian, French, are not to be described on paper: one cannot account for it: if you go into their rooms, their kitchens, their pantries, you are quite disgusted with the ill savour. The interior of the abodes of the nobility and gentry is often neat and elegant, and I have been in private houses quite as comfortable as any in England; and generally, perhaps, things are gradually more and more arranged on the plan of English cleanliness and simplicity. But I speak of the inns and houses we meet with in travelling.

To many of these inconveniences, however, one soon becomes accustomed; others are avoided in the better lodgings and inns; the rest you submit to from dire necessity. The freedom of the manners of the people, and their notions of equality with you, at first seem

repulsive, but afterwards appear so clearly to spring from mere simplicity, that you forgive it. I am happy to say, that I have found the Catholic peasants willing enough to receive our religious tracts; and that when I talk with them, they admit what I say on the foundations of Christianity.* You may judge from this interminable letter at so late an hour, that I am not over-fatigued with my journey. Adieu.

Paris, Hotel de Bristol, Place Vendôme, half-past Two, Saturday, October 11, *about* 2772 *miles from London by our route.*†—

* As we were changing horses at a village on our way to Boulogne, Oct. 29, the carriage was, in three minutes, literally surrounded with villagers, who had heard we had tracts. At least thirty or forty of the separate homilies in French, of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, are now diligently read, as I trust, by these poor people. Some of them asked Mrs. W. if the tracts were good for Catholics: she replied, they were particularly suited for them. The scene was really quite affecting. I forget the name of the village. It was not far from Paris. The swiftness with which the news of our having tracts spread from the persons to whom we first gave them, was surprising.

† The direct route from London to Paris is about 300 miles.

Through God's goodness we are safe at Paris. We arrived here at half-past one o'clock. We left Fontainebleau a little before eight, and performed the journey of forty miles in less than six hours. The day has been rather wet; but as we approached Paris it cleared up, and we had a fine view of that noble city as we drove through it. We are at the Place Vendôme, a charming situation, close to the gardens of the Thuilleries. We found our dear boys, and my brother who is here, quite well. My son will bring this letter with him, which will most probably close this series of journal-like epistles, which I had no idea would ever have extended to such a length. If they have gratified my dear and excellent aged mother and yourself, in any degree proportioned to the interest I have gradually felt in writing them, I shall most truly rejoice. Whatever can lessen the pain of separation to a parent so dear to me, affords me a double pleasure. May it please God, to permit me to rejoin you in England in peace, and to retain the recollection of the many important lessons

I have learned during my tour, together with that sense of gratitude which the uninterrupted blessings I have received during the course of it, should so deeply impress upon my heart.

I am your affectionate

D. W.

LETTER XVIII.

Brighton, April 14, 1824.

Paris Bible Society—Deaf and Dumb Institution—French Preachers—King's Almoner—Nobleman—Translation of Scott—Friends to whom Author was introduced—Baron de Sacy—Count D'Hauterive—Marquis de Jaucourt—Reflections on the whole Tour: 1. Supreme Providence of God—2. Opposite Evils of Superstition and Infidelity—3. Scenes of Reformers' labours—Luther—Beza—Bucer—Ecolampadius—Bullinger—Authenticity of 1 John v. 7, 8.—4. Duty of advancing the Age of CHARITY—5. Importance of every Traveller being active—Advice to Invalids—Anecdotes—6. Gratitude to God—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—Origin of Vaudois—Expulsion from Valleys—Return—Need of Aid—7. Prayer for Grace of HOLY SPIRIT.

Brighton, Sussex, April 14, 1824.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I AT length begin the Letter which you were so anxious I should have written to

you from Paris. I was so hurried during my stay in that city, that it was impossible for me to do it; and, indeed, I may perhaps attempt it with greater advantage now, because the interval of a few months will enable me to add some general reflections upon my tour on the Continent, and to supply an incident or two of which I omitted to inform you at the proper moment.

Of Paris itself I need not say much; every one knows something of the splendour of its public buildings, and of its various attractions, in point of art and taste, to travellers of every description. I was naturally most interested by its moral and religious state. But I have no intention of entering at large even on this topic. A stranger has but slight opportunities of forming a correct judgment; and Paris is too important a place, and too near to England, for me to venture a hasty opinion.

I know, however, that you will expect me to notice a few particulars. In the first place,

then, I was gratified, and even affected, at attending the Committees of the Paris Protestant Bible Society. I could not but reflect on the efforts made in the very same spot by the enemies, or rather conspirators against Christianity, under Voltaire and D'Alembert, during the preceding century. These, aided by the extraordinary profusion and folly of the French Court, by the derangement of the national finances, and the corruption of general morals, paved the way for the horrors of the Revolution and the military sway of Bonaparte. The zeal and superstition of the degenerate ecclesiastics, so far from preventing, joined in hastening the overthrow. Surely, then, the peaceful and holy distribution of THE BOOK, in the city where it had been so long despised, is a real triumph of Christianity, and the best omen of future blessings. About 50,000 copies of the Scriptures have been issued by means of the Paris Bible Society in the last four years—about two or three hundred auxiliary institutions and associations have been established in different parts of France—and a

general revival of religion seems to be beginning. The vivacity of the French character, if once directed and sanctified by a principle of pure religion, is capable of the greatest and most beneficial efforts. It is lamentable to think that the Catholics frown on this Society, and that the government is contracting its privileges, and even refusing it the liberty of holding its annual assemblies, wherever it dares. The present French ministry seem to desire nothing more than to be able to suppress this and all similar undertakings. Such, however, is the spirit of Popery almost everywhere.

I must next give you some account of the celebrated institution for the relief and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which is really one of the most interesting things in Paris. I took all the pains I was able, to be present at a lesson at the late Abbé Sicard's schools; but I was unsuccessful. I can, however, fully make up to you for this disappointment, by the kind communication of an excellent friend who visited it only the year be-

fore, and from whose notes, taken at the time, I select the following. There are about eighty children. They are taught gradually to associate with the objects of sight, certain signs by drawing and writing. The quickness and acuteness of the children are so surprising, that their ideas on most subjects soon become accurate and clear. The following is the prayer used before lesson:

"O come, most Holy Spirit, and cause a ray of thy light to shine upon us! Come, Father of the poor! Come, source of grace! Come, light of the soul! O God, who has taught the hearts of thy faithful people by the light of thy Holy Spirit, grant us that Holy Spirit, which may dispose us to choose and love what is right, and may shed abroad in us its consolation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The prayer after lesson is equally beautiful. "O Lord, we entreat Thee to inspire all our actions by thy Holy Spirit, and to conduct

them by the continual assistance of thy grace: so that all our prayers and all our works may proceed from Thee as their author, and refer to Thee as their only end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Surely such prayers are the genuine dictates of pure Christianity, and testify the deep piety of many of our Catholic brethren. My heart rejoices to recognize such sentiments, and honours those who entertain them.

The children rise slowly and gradually from the simplest to the most abstract and complex ideas, as their age and abilities permit; and are divided into several classes accordingly. At the lesson at which my friend was present, a gentleman wished to ask one of the upper classes, what Love was? The master told him first to make the sign for interrogation, by holding up the fore-finger, and then to press his hand strongly upon his heart. This was understood, and several boys wrote the word love. On being told to define it, one

wrote (for they neither speak nor hear, as you will take care to bear in mind), "Love is a sentiment of the mind, by which we incline to what appears to us good, useful, beautiful; it is the approbation of some object that pleases us." Another wrote, "There are many sorts of love; first, the love of God, which is the highest of all; then the love of men, the love of friends."

They next were asked, what was the difference between expectation, hope, desire, and enjoyment? A lad about fifteen wrote, "Expectation is like the branches of the apple-tree; desire is like the leaves; hope is like the blossom; and enjoyment is like the fruit."

After this they were asked, What is time? One replied, "A succession of moments, a point of eternity, a measure of eternity." What is eternity? "A day without morning or evening, a mysterious duration which finite beings can neither define nor comprehend."

The following question was then proposed, Is speech the gift of God or the invention of men? "Speech that is the language of men, is the gift of God; but that of the deaf and dumb is only a human invention."

On the direct subject of religion, they were asked, Whose existence comprehends all time? Massieu, an elderly man, who has been twenty years in the institution, and is lately gone to conduct a school at Bordeaux,* wrote in answer, "God; God is the creator of the earth and of heaven, and of all that they contain. He is the Lord of all things, the Author of nature, the Governor of the universe."—Who is Christ? "It is He who is the new Adam; He was made man by a mi-

* This extraordinary man, when he was asked at another lesson, Whether God reasons? wrote in reply, "Reasoning is a process in order to find out truth; but God knows all truth: therefore, I should think God does not reason." The same person defined gratitude to be the memory of the heart; hope, the fire of love; and difficulty, possibility with obstacle.

racle, for our salvation; He is the bruiser of the serpent's head, the repairer of the human race, and He knows even our most secret thoughts."—What is faith? "Faith is a supernatural light, leading the soul to believe what it may not fully comprehend."—What is conscience? "It is the voice of truth."—Have all men power to do their duty? "Yes, with grace and good habits."—Is man more inclined to good than evil? "Man needs the grace of God to keep him from evil; by evil passions men deprive themselves of the grace of God; passions are above human power."—From whence comes grace? "In my opinion, it flows from the infinite and unmeasurable goodness of a merciful God."—May all men have grace? "Yes, by means of frequent prayer." Was a revelation necessary to man? "Yes, I believe it was, and it contains all that is necessary to salvation."

There is to me something inexpressibly delightful in these scriptural, enlightened, and judicious replies, made not only by Catholics,

but by Catholic children who are deaf and dumb.

The present master is M. Paulmier, who takes a parental interest in the children. He had been chief assistant to the Abbé Sicard for nineteen years. The boys are taught some art, trade, or learned profession, as their genius or choice seem to direct. There is a class who copy busts, draw heads, &c.; and another where boxes and measuring rules, &c. are made. They all appeared as happy as they were intelligent. Really humanity and religion triumph at such a benevolent institution. One may exclaim, in a qualified sense, considering God as the first author of every such blessing, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." And this pleasure is heightened by the pure principles of morals and religion which seem to form the basis of their education. No Protestant could have given much more simple elementary instruction in the Christian faith, than these children have

received. It is most painful to add, that the Bishop of Hermopolis, since he has been placed at the head of education in France, is said to discourage even this incomparable school, and that M. Paulmier is removed, or about to be removed, from his situation. Thus the best institutions connected with the Roman Catholic Church, are not fostered and encouraged by the leading authorities, as the seeds of future improvement, but opposed and rejected, as disturbing the repose, and contrary to the interests and tendencies, of the dominant religion.

You will, perhaps, next wish me to say something about the French preachers. I was grieved to find, that there were only three public services* on the Sunday at Paris, for a

* May I not add, that, considering the numerous English who are resident in Paris, it would be becoming the wealth and piety of our nation to build an English church there? There are several French churches in London

Since the above note was written, I am informed that an English service has been instituted in the *Salon* of a

population of nearly 30,000 Protestants of the two confessions; and these services so arranged as not to allow the same persons to attend conveniently at more than one. But this is not all: in the sermons which I heard, I wanted more of the sound, orthodox, scriptural divinity of the old French Protestant school, who reared its early churches, and nourished the first Hugonots in the faith of the Gospel, and became an example and guide to reformed Europe. I wanted more of the close reasoning and manly appeals of CLAUDE, the author, as you may know, of the Treatise on the Composition of a Sermon, and of the Defence of the Reformation, and the worthy antagonist of Bossuet at the celebrated conference in 1682. I wanted more of the force and vigorous address of DUBOSC, in his able and most evangelical work on the Epistle to the Ephesians—of whom Louis XIV. said, that he was the first speaker in France. I wanted

clergyman resident at Paris, the Rev. Lewis Way, with a liberality and dignity which mark all the proceedings of that excellent person.

more of the piety and unction of DRELINCOURT, whose book against the fear of death is current in England, and is indeed in almost every one's hands.

I was moreover much distressed to observe, that in the use of the liturgical prayers (which are at best, as I have already told you, extremely brief) the most evangelical parts were actually left out by some of the ministers. For instance, in the confession of sin, which at Bern and Lausanne was read entire, the deeper expressions of original corruption and guilt were several times omitted at Paris. So also in the longer prayer after sermon, the best parts were not read. Thank God for the FIXED Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies of the Church of England. The Lutheran church at Paris I was not able to attend; my observations regard the Reformed only.

I must say, however, in fairness, that the discourses at the Protestant churches were incomparably superior to a most florid and

unsatisfactory charity sermon which I heard on a week-day from the king's almoner, at the chapel of a benevolent asylum for aged and destitute persons of family. I never shall forget the scene that day: nearly all the French court was present. The Duchesses of Angoulême and Berry, the Pope's Legate, the Archbishop of Paris, the public ministers of state, among whom I noticed M. Chateaubriand; ladies of quality without end; two of whom, splendidly attired, received the collection, as we went out, in velvet bags. I was most courteously received at the chapel by a French nobleman, who entered into a pretty long conversation with me on the state of England and France. I was of course very inadequate to give him a just account of many things which he inquired about, in a political point of view. He seemed to have a high admiration of the sentiments and conduct of our beloved monarch since his accession to the throne. He classed together the French Liberaux and the English Radicals. But to come to the sermon—such a vain tirade of

compliment and extravagant attempt at eloquence, I never heard—without one genuine emotion, one affecting sentiment, one address to the heart—a fine voice and pure enunciation were every thing—the only idea I will quote from the discourse is, "Charity makes those who exercise it *as gods!*" O, where are the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, the Massillons, or even the De la Rues, and Terrassons of the French church? I understand that M. Frésynous, the present Bishop of Hermopolis, gave, some years back, most interesting lectures to the young on the Evidences of Christianity. Now even this kind of instruction is wanting. I could hear of no one energetic and able Catholic preacher, who took the ground of our common Christianity, and commended the Gospel to the conscience and good sense of mankind. Infidelity or superstition reign supreme. True religion is met with indifference or ridicule.

But I turn to another topic. I must not omit to tell you, that I spent a large part of

my time at Paris in arranging the translation of Scott's Comment on the Scriptures. I found a competent and pious minister, to whom I promised aid for preparing an accurate text of the Gospel itself, verifying the references, revising the translation for the last time, correcting the proofs, and carrying St. Matthew through the press. I formed also a committee for settling terms with the printer, drawing up a prospectus, and inspecting the due circulation of the work. I found that I should be obliged to advance all the expenses for printing St. Matthew; and it was agreed upon, to send round this Gospel pretty freely to the chief Protestant ministers of the Continent, gratis, with the terms of subscription for the continuance of the work; and to be guided by the success of such subscriptions, as to the further translation of the Comment or not. Since my return home, the revision and preparation for the press have been unremittingly carried on, and the conditions with the printer and paper-maker nearly settled. Some months must, however, elapse before the

Gospel can be published. A literary undertaking of such importance is continually impeded by unexpected difficulties. It is not like the translation of a temporary pamphlet—every thing demands the utmost care—not only is a thorough knowledge required of the language *from* which, and of that *into* which, the translation is to be made: but an acquaintance with theology in all its branches, an aptitude at discovering suitable idioms, a faculty of expressing new and foreign ideas, a readiness to imitate the style and manner of the original writer, and the talent of giving an interest and life to the whole style of the translation.*

* It is now nearly three years since the above was written, and the gospel of St. Matthew is not yet published. The fact is, that after the first imperfect sketch of a translation had been revised and completed, M. F. Monod fils, who had undertaken to superintend the work at Paris, was seized with illness, and a twelvemonth elapsed before he was able to resume his exertions. In May 1826 however the first sheet was printed off, and the gospel has been regularly proceeding ever since. The work however is still slow in its progress, because the correction of the translation is found to be extremely laborious—each sheet costing twelve or sometimes eighteen hours of close application. Half the gospel, or about fifteen

The translation of Milner's History is, I hope, going on at Brussels.—I forwarded a copy of the original work immediately upon my return home. I consider this undertaking only second in importance to that of Scott.

I cannot quit the subject of Paris without mentioning the pleasure which I derived from becoming acquainted, however slightly, with some persons who are its distinguished ornaments. I place first amongst these the Baron de Sacy, almost the last of the distinguished Jansenist body, and perhaps the most accomplished oriental scholar in Europe; and the Count de Hauterive of the Foreign Department, whose knowledge of political economy is so highly, and I believe justly esteemed; he was an élève of the Duc de Choiseul, and knew, as he easily might, the history of our own country better than myself; for the minute particulars of history soon fade from the memory. He, as well as M. de Sacy, are warm friends

sheets (120 pages) are now finished. *See Postscript to this Letter, page* 355.

of the Bible Society. M. de Hauterive conversed with me much on subjects connected with religion. I was struck with the warmth with which he condemned our conduct towards the Irish Catholics, and at the admiration he expressed of the religious spirit of the English nation. He professed a high respect for our National Protestant Church, on account of our tolerant principles and our regard to ecclesiastical order. Amongst a variety of other questions, he asked me why so eager a dispute should have arisen between the Catholics and Protestants about the Eucharist: for, added he, do you not believe that our Saviour is really, though invisibly, present in it? I replied, Yes. And do you not hold, he continued, that it is by faith this is discerned, and the benefits of it received? Certainly, was my answer. And we believe, he rejoined quickly, nothing more than this. Upon this I told him, that if the Catholic Doctors had been half as moderate upon this subject, and had only abstained from the adoration of the host, and other usages which Protestants deem

superstitious and idolatrous, the separation on this topic would not have been so wide between the two churches as it is.*

I may mention, also, that I made the acquaintance of the amiable Catholic Bishop Grégoire, a truly liberal and respectable prelate, both as it regards his sentiments and conduct. He seems to spend his life in attempting to lessen the differences and heal the dissensions between Catholics and Protestants, and in promoting the interests of religion and humanity. He is a warm advocate for the abolition of the slave-trade. I cannot omit the name also of the Marquis de Jaucourt, a Protestant nobleman, and a direct

* I just insert here the article of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. on this point, to show the actual errors of the Roman Catholic Church, so different from the charitable construction of individual laymen, however distinguished or well-informed. "I profess, that in the most holy sacrifice of the Eucharist, there is really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which conversion the Catholic Church calls transubstantiation."

descendant from the celebrated Philip de Mornay, the great Protestant friend and counsellor of Henry the Fourth, and the man who openly protested against that monarch's abjuration of the Reformed religion, and who during a long life invariably maintained and defended the evangelical doctrine, in the faith of which he died with holy triumph. He ranks, perhaps, next to Coligny and Sully. The Marquis de Jaucourt, with a peculiar propriety, is president of the Paris Bible Society. The Baron de Staël I was so unfortunate as not to find in Paris. I had the pleasure however of meeting him in London upon my return home. I do not enumerate other distinguished persons — my old friends Kieffer, Stapffer, &c. Nor should I have mentioned so many as I have, except with the design of recording my affectionate gratitude to some of the many leading personages who honoured me with their esteem. The names I have given you include some of the best men in France, and those on whom the hope of great future good rests.

I have found far more to say concerning Paris than I expected; but I must quit the subject, that I may proceed to supply a few incidents, and make some general reflections as it respects the whole of my long journey.

1. Perhaps the strongest impression which has been left upon my mind, is of THE UNFATHOMABLE WISDOM OF GOD IN HIS PROVIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF MEN. I could not but observe continually his exuberant goodness, on the one hand, in the frame and order of the creation; and his inscrutable judgments, on the other, in the infliction of great and overwhelming calamities. These truths strike one less forcibly at home; but they revive in their full energy in foreign lands, where all is new, and curiosity never slumbers. In passing through different regions, and observing their widely varying habits, usages, laws, constitutions, governments, and religious advantages—in retracing the chief changes and revolutions which in different ages have marked the history of

each country—in contemplating the consequences of remote and, at first, trifling causes—in calling to mind the wonderful deliverances afforded in times of danger, and the present political, moral, and religious state, in which so many events have ended—the mind is led to adore that mysterious PROVIDENCE, which, unseen, guides and directs all the events of this lower world, and overrules even the passions of men to accomplish its own purposes. As we travel from place to place, history is localized, as it were, to the mind. Our contracted views become insensibly enlarged, and we acquire a firmer faith in the unfailing goodness of God towards those who fear him.

And surely, these feelings are aided by the contemplation of the sublime and grand features of the Divine MAJESTY which we trace in His works of creation—the profuse bounty scattered at every footstep—the loveliness, the variety, the simplicity, and the magnificence, which continually burst upon us. I can truly

say, the chief natural wonders in our tour along the Rhine and through Switzerland have scarcely ever been absent from my mind since I first witnessed them.

Nor are the traces of God's WRATH less awakening. I think I never was more affected than in hearing the tragic story of Goldau and the Dranse—in riding over the remains of whole villages, and reflecting that under the very feet of my mule lay the bodies of my fellow-creatures, crushed by an instantaneous ruin.

And here I am reminded of a still more awful destruction which occurred near the Grisons about two centuries ago, and which I ought to have mentioned in a former Letter. The town of Piuri or Pleurs, two or three miles from Chavennes, was totally overwhelmed in 1618. On the 4th September of that year, an inhabitant came in haste and urged the people to escape without delay, for he had seen the adjoining Alp actually cleaving asun-

der. His warning, for some reason which does not appear, was neglected. The same evening, an immense fragment of the mountain fell in a moment, and buried the whole town, so that not a soul escaped except three persons who were absent, and the individual who had given the alarm; even the daughter of this last person, returning for an instant to lock up the door of a cabinet, was buried with the rest. Two thousand four hundred and thirty persons perished, and the channel of the river was so filled, that the first tidings which the inhabitants of Chavennes received of the calamity, was by the failing of their river. I mention this case the rather, because the town was given up to voluptuousness and vice—filled with mansions and palaces,—the favourite summer resort of the most wealthy persons in Italy. The Protestant minister there had often warned the people of the terrible consequences of their sins, and of the judgment of God, which he believed would suddenly break out upon them.

Similar, though less extensive, calamities are perpetually occurring in Switzerland, and add exceedingly to the impression which a stranger receives from a journey through that wonderful country. He will be cautious indeed of presuming to interpret the Divine judgments in particular instances: but he will not fail to derive from them the solemn and general instruction inculcated by our Saviour; "Think ye that those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

2. I pass on to make a second reflection on THE LAMENTABLE, THOUGH OPPOSITE, EVILS OF SUPERSTITION AND INDIFFERENCE, which met us every where on our tour. It quite astonished me, in passing through the Netherlands, to witness, for the first time, the multiplied and unscriptural pomp and idolatry of

* Luke xiii. 4, 5.

the Church of Rome. The surprise was lessened, but not the grief and shame, as I prosecuted my tour. One would think it incredible, that men professing to believe in the New Testament should venture to impose such burdens, or that the people should submit to them. The various and open invasions which Popery has made in all ages on the liberties and peace of mankind, are recorded in every history.

One of its most fearful attempts, for instance, to stop all reformation, and bind people in the galling chains of superstition, occurred in Switzerland at the time when Zuingle and the other Reformers were awakening and persuading the minds of the free and generous inhabitants of the different cantons. Those which remained Popish passed laws, that it should be capital to any to change their religion; and that, on a set day in every year, they should all go to mass, and the masters of families swear to continue true to the state, and firm in their religion to their lives' end.

Afterwards they punished those who fell into what they called heresy, with death and confiscation of goods, on the pretence of its being a violation of the faith thus solemnly sworn to their country.

It is very observable, that where Popery is now reviving in its influence, after the French revolutionary struggles or the iron laws of Bonaparte, it returns with all its folly about it. It is not learning a lesson of wisdom, and silently following its Borromeos, and Pascals, and Fénélons, and dropping some of its grosser corruptions; but it re-assumes all its arts, its impositions, its ceremonies, its incense, its processions, its pilgrimages, its image worship, its exclusive claims, its domination over the conscience, its traditions, its opposition to the Bible, its hatred of scriptural education, its resistance to all the first principles and blessings of genuine liberty—in short, its united tyranny, superstition, and idolatry and this in the full face of day

and in the nineteenth century, and with infidelity watching for objections to Christianity generally.*

And what is the general moral effect of this system? It neither sanctifies nor saves. The poison of vice, glossed over with outward forms of decency, eats as doth a canker. The whole attention of man is directed to superstitious ceremonies as a substitute for spiritual obedience. Morality is compromised

* The Pope has lately issued two Bulls, one to denounce and proscribe the BIBLE—the other to appoint the present year to be observed as a JUBILEE, and promising remission of sins to such as should, in the course of it, make a pilgrimage to Rome!

"These two documents should be circulated throughout the whole Christian world. From beginning to end, they demonstrate that Popery is, at this moment, as utterly opposed as it ever was to all freedom of conscience and intelligent use of the Scriptures; and that all hope of its having been, as a system, improved or meliorated, by the course of events and the advancement of knowledge, is at an end. It is fit that scriptural Christians all over the world should settle it in their minds, that Popery, as a system, never has departed, and seems never likely to depart, from that which is its predicted characteristic—BLASPHEMOUS USURPATION OF THE PLACE OF GOD! *Wit. Reg. Jan.* 1825.

and exchanged for an adherence to ecclesiastical rites. Voluptuousness, impurity, dishonesty, cunning, hypocrisy, every vice, prevails and is connived at, just as Popery has the more complete sway. The dreadful profanation of the Sabbath by prescription becomes fixed. All the holy ends of it are forgotten, unknown, obliterated. It is the habitual season of unrestrained pleasure. I speak of effects generally; for there are multitudes of individual Catholics, who serve God in sincerity and truth; and who, disregarding the accumulations heaped on the foundation of the faith, build on Jesus Christ and him crucified.

There is, indeed, one class of persons in Catholic countries, which I compassionate from my heart. They are not sunk in superstition, and yet they have not imbibed the piety of true disciples of Christ; but having been educated during the Revolution, have acquired a general boldness and liberality of sentiment; see through much of the mummery of Popery:

detect the spirit and aims of a worldly-minded priesthood; are disgusted at the revival of the Jesuits, the opposition to the Bible Society, the resistance to education, the disturbance and removal of the most pious and worthy masters and professors, and the persecution of the Protestants. And yet they are not in earnest enough about religion to take a decided part; the objections of Infidels dwell upon their minds—they shrink from ridicule—the fear of reproach prevents their quitting the Roman communion—there is nothing in the Protestantism they are acquainted with, to show them a "more excellent way." The value of the soul and the paramount duty of seeking their own salvation, are considerations which do not enough rouse their minds. Thus they glide down the fatal stream with others, dissatisfied and yet unconverted. These are persons to be won by the friendly conversation of true Christians, to be invited to read suitable books on the evidences and nature of true Christianity, and to be encouraged to seek, and to follow and obey the truth.

But I turn to the Protestantism which we have met with in our tour; and alas, I see deism, infidelity, indifference, a secret contempt of religion, too widely diffused in many quarters. I observe a cold celebration of a few great festivals: but the Sabbath desecrated—holiness of life too little exemplified—the principles of grace, from which only it can spring, forgotten—the Reformation, with its glorious truths, corrupted and obscured. I see a vain human philosophy—scepticism—political views—the interests of a corrupt literature—levity and inconstancy as to the faith of the Gospel, too prevalent. I see persecution itself, the most odious part of Popery, transplanted to some Protestant bodies, and an open defection from the Gospel avowed in the city which was once the praise of the churches.*

* The tendency of dominant churches to impose on the consciences of others has appeared even amongst the most pious and orthodox. About 150 years since, this very church of Geneva united with those of Bern and Zurich, in condemning all persons who held the universal extent of our Lord's death; with whom they strangely joined those who

Still, after all, we must thank God, that things are in many places greatly improving both amongst Catholics and Protestants—that the opened Bible, the spirit of free inquiry after truth, the power of conscience, the intercourse of different Protestant states, the operations of various religious societies, the judgments of God which have been abroad in the earth, and, above all, the Divine mercy visiting and subduing the hearts of men, are producing a wonderful change. In some quarters the purity of the Gospel has flourished without interruption or decay. But taking a view of the present state of the Con-

impugned the power and authority of the Hebrew vowel points! I need not say, that the paramount authority of these vowel points has long been given up by every scholar; and that the doctrine of Christ having given "himself a ransom for all," is now generally admitted as an undoubted verity of the New Testament. Such is the folly of excess in religious legislation, to say nothing of the danger of revulsion—of opening the door to such règlemens as that of 1817. It was observed by a member of the House of Commons last sessions, from Lord Clarendon, that "he had observed in his progress through life, that of all classes of men, the clergy took the worst measure of human affairs." An acute and poignant remark.

tinent generally, in its two great families of Catholics and Protestants, the Christian traveller cannot but be affected even to depression with the prevailing degeneracy.

3. But let me turn to a more pleasing topic, and one that may cheer us with THE PROSPECT OF THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION. For who raised up the Reformers in the sixteenth century? Were they not men of "like passions with ourselves?" Cannot a similar race of men be again formed by the mercy of God now? Nay, are there not reasonable hopes that such will be the case? For a visit to the Continent leads the traveller over those scenes where the Reformers began their blessed labours. And this is the third observation which I wish to offer. Nothing afforded me, I think, such unmixed pleasure, as entering the very towns, visiting the houses, and reading the letters of those great and able men. I did not penetrate far enough into Germany to see Eisenach, Wittemberg, or Worms, where the magnanimous Luther met his papal antago-

nists; but I was at Geneva, where Beza, after the death of Luther and Calvin, so admirably led the Reformation.

It was Beza who conducted the discussions of Poissy in 1561, where in the presence of the king of France, (Charles IX.) the King of Navarre, (afterwards Henry IV.) the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the French court, he almost effected the reception of the reformed doctrines in that vast kingdom. The Reformed Church in France had then reached its widest limits. The Protestants had two thousand one hundred and fifty churches, some of which contained ten thousand members. In fact, nearly half of France was Protestant in the 16th century; whilst in the present, the 19th, not more than a thirtieth part follows the reformed doctrines. The valuable MS. of the Gospel which bears the name of Beza (Codex Bezæ), was his gift to the University of Cambridge. He died in 1605, aged 86.

I was also at Strasburg, where Martin Bucer, for twenty-six years, was a model of evangelical holiness. Our great Cranmer brought him over with Fagius in 1549, and fixed him in the University of Cambridge, where he read lectures with infinite applause, on St. John's Gospel. He died in 1551, and was buried with the utmost respect, in the University Church, the Vice Chancellor and the members of all the colleges attending.

I saw at Basle, the cathedral, and school, and library, where Ecolampadius, from 1515 to his death in 1531, laboured in establishing, with equal acuteness and moderation, the reformed doctrines. He was joined with Erasmus in composing the annotations on the New Testament, which so much aided the infant cause of truth. His name was indicative of his character; he was indeed Ecolampadius, 'the lamp of the house,' a burning and a shining light in the Temple of the Lord.

I visited likewise the abode of Bullinger, who, after the death of Zuingle, was for above forty years at the head of the churches at Zurich.* I walked in the streets, I saw the churches, I entered the college, I was in the very house, I saw the hand-writing of this blessed man, who, in 1538, received with affectionate hospitality some noble Englishmen, and wrote, at their request, to our Henry VIII., in support of the perfection and authority of the Scriptures; and in 1554, in the

* Bishop Burnet mentions that he saw at Zurich a Latin MS. of the New Testament of the ninth century, in which a preface of St. Jerome prefixed to the Catholic Epistles, stated that "he had been more exact in that translation, that he might discover the fraud of the Arians, who had struck out that passage (viz. 1 John v. 7, 8.) concerning the Trinity." If this be correct, it seems to confirm the arguments in favour of the authenticity of the passage. Surely Jerome, who was born in A.D. 331, and lived for nearly a century, must be a competent witness to such a FACT. The present Bishop of Salisbury's Tracts on the authenticity of this Text, are entitled on all accounts to the attention of the Biblical student. He informs us that Walafrid Strabo, Erasmus, Socinus, Le Clerc, Sir Isaac Newton, Mill, and Dorhout, consider that the prologue above referred to was Jerome's; and that it proves the existence, in his time, of the Greek text of the seventh verse.—See Bishop BURGESS's Vindication, 1823, p. 46, &c.

reign of the atrocious Queen Mary, welcomed Jewel, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York, and others; gave them lodgings in the Cathedral-Close; and when Elizabeth ascended the throne, continued a constant correspondence with them till his death, in 1575. Few measures in our English Reformation were taken without his advice.

All this I should have mentioned to you before. I have, indeed, alluded frequently to the names of some of these Reformers. But I ought to have dwelt more on their piety and talents, their wisdom and courage, their zeal and disinterestedness. For my mind is deeply penetrated with the conviction that the best hope of a GENERAL REVIVAL of religion now, is by studying and imitating such bright examples. Men like these, wise, holy, ardent, devoted to God, raised above a spirit of party in religion, purified from petty passions, separated from the politics of this world, thoroughly grounded in the doctrine of Holy Scripture,

and working by genuine humility and lowliness, rather than by heat and obstinacy—men, animated above all with the ardent love of "Christ and him crucified"—such persons would soon be the means of restoring decayed religion in the Popish and Protestant churches. To produce such men, the silent circulation of the Bible seems the first step. Of all inventions the noble idea of giving throughout the world the inspired Volume of Revelation appears to me the most happy, the most pure, and the most important. It is like the works of nature, as simple as it is majestic and efficacious. It has the impress of God. I do not wonder at the open and violent opposition which the Bible Society has provoked. This might be expected, if I am right in the immense importance which I attach to it. The Pope and the Church of Rome know that the Bible is against them. They act in character in the Bulls issued against it. The opposition of some Protestants would be much more painful and mysterious, if we did not remember the effects of misrepresentation and

controversy, in perverting the judgment of men in spite of their better principles. Let only the friends of the Bible institutions persevere in that meek and peaceable temper which has hitherto so much distinguished them. They are invulnerable so long as the spirit of love goes on to preside over their proceedings and conduct. There is nothing which I do not expect ultimately by their means. Wherever the Bible meets with characters like those of Leander Van Ess or the Pastor Henhöfer, it works its way with irresistible might; or wherever the grace of God makes it the means of first training such characters, it soon leads to like results. Truth, in the very words dictated by the Holy Ghost, enters the mind, and sheds its own glory there. And it is impossible to say in how many hearts that process is actually going on—how many latent Luthers, Melancthons, Calvins, Zuingles, Bucers, Ecolampadiuses, and Bullingers, are now preparing, by a painful study of the Bible, for future usefulness.

4. The example of those Protestant churches which have the widest influence, may also have a great effect, under the blessing of God, to produce and help forward such a revival. Let us aid the inquiring. Let us embody and exhibit the Christianity of which they read in their Bibles. LET US ENDEAVOUR TO ADVANCE THE AGE OF TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARITY, founded on the doctrines of the grace of Christ. This is my fourth remark. I entreat my countrymen, and especially the ministers of religion, to cultivate both at home and in their visits to the Continent, the spirit of forbearance, wisdom, moderation, and love, which marked the Reformers. Our books are read abroad, our sentiments have a considerable influence. England is the hope of the world. Let then the law of Christian kindness be apparent in all we write and teach. We have had in the Church the ages of SUPERSTITION—thirteen centuries have witnessed the fatal effects of this on true religion. We have seen, since the revival of letters, our ages of DARING INQUIRY human reasoning, contro-

versy; and we have tasted the bitter fruits which they have produced. Surely at length it is time for THE AGE OF CHARITY, of the love of God and man, to begin—love which receives and uses to their proper end, all the great mysteries of redemption; which dwells on every doctrine and duty in a holy, practical manner; which assimilates every thing to its own pure and heavenly temper; which conforms us to the divine image, and unites us to God himself. The scheme of reducing all men to one confession is vain and hopeless. On minor questions, the best course is to hold with moderation and firmness our own sentiments, whilst we respect those of others. To meet men in anger, and attempt to subdue them by controversy, is the way to augment, instead of lessening, existing evils. LOVE, then, is the truest wisdom. The few commanding doctrines and duties of Christianity may be best recommended in this spirit. Where these are received and practised, remaining disagreements will lose half their mischief, by being deprived of all their asperity. Differ-

ences of judgment are the infirmity of the MILITANT Church. If all men could be brought to one mind, the world would be in a state not to need the new law of charity which our Saviour left us, as the badge of his followers, and the healing medicine of their feverish heats and irritations. I can truly say that if I have erred against the law of peace in any thing I have said in my series of Letters, I heartily retract it. My intention and my prayer is to unite TRUTH with CHARITY.

5. But I must not dwell on these topics. I just mention a further thought in connexion with them, which frequently occurred to me on my journey—THE IMPORTANCE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER, WHETHER MINISTER OR NOT, CORDIALLY CO-OPERATING, IN SOME WAY OR OTHER, IN THIS GREAT WORK. Let not the beauties of nature withdraw his mind from the duties, unostentatious but important, which he may connect so easily, so agreeably with them. Let not the hurry of his movements, the novelty of his circumstances, the

imperfection of his knowledge of the Continental tongues, the infirmity of his health,*

I would here offer a remark or two to invalids. I found in my own instance, that whilst I was moving gently from place to place, my health, which had been undermined by a long series of over-exertion, was sensibly improved. The fine air, the changes of scene, the freedom from ordinary cares and duties, the conversation of my family, the curiosity awakened at every turn, my inquiries, wherever I came, into the moral and religious state of the different towns and countries, my interviews with pious ministers and professors, and especially the mountain tours, all contributed, under God's blessing, to my recovery. When I arrived at Lyon in September, after a journey of three months and about two thousand five hundred miles, I was not like the same person as when I quitted England. The over-hurry of the few last weeks of my tour was the first thing that injured me, so far as I can judge. I travelled, in consequence of my son's illness, too rapidly to Geneva the last time. Again, when I arrived at Paris, I was not enough on my guard. I saw too many friends, and attended too many societies. The hours also were late, compared with what I had been accustomed to. The consequence was, that when I arrived in England, and returned to my usual clerical duties, I soon found myself indisposed. The extremely wet weather on my first arrival added to my complaints; and in three weeks I was totally laid by, with all the indisposition, in an aggravated form, from which I had suffered before I entered upon my tour. I mention my own case thus at length as a caution to others. I would especially recommend them to avoid hurry towards the close of their journey, to return at a season when the weather is

deter him from attempting a little. Such labour for the good of souls elevates and sanctifies a tour undertaken for health or instruction. A conversation with a peasant on the road, a visit to a poor or sick family, the gift of a suitable tract or a New Testament, a word dropped at a table-d'hôte, the encouraging of the more candid and pious clergy, the assisting of Bible and Missionary Societies, the consecration of the Sabbath, the daily devotions of the family, are duties neither

likely to be fine, to watch over the first effects of the change of climate and food, and to resume laborious and anxious duties slowly and gradually. This subject leads me to suggest to pious travellers to take with them some tracts suitable to the sick and dying. So many English become ill abroad, that many a tour begun in vanity, may end, under God's blessing, in seriousness and piety, by the aid of a striking tract, or a copy of the New Testament. It is possible even that the last solemn scenes of life may be cheered by the doctrine of repentance and remission of sins in the name of Christ, thus conveyed. I should perhaps add, that we found great difficulty in having our English prescriptions made up abroad. I explained to a druggist at Spa a very simple one, which he assured me he understood, adding that he had continually made up similar ones. The medicine, however, was so different from what we had been used to, that I could not venture to let Mrs. W. take it.

difficult nor rare. Examples continually occur of the good thus produced.

A gentleman of Scotland, almost unacquainted with French, came to Geneva, about seven years since, and in a few months, by simply dwelling on the authority and manifest truths of the New Testament, was the means of attracting the attention and regard of a whole circle of young students, and imbuing their minds with its evangelical doctrine.

An American merchant, settled some time since at Paris, became the centre of really most extensive good, by kindness, piety, liberality, fearlessness, simplicity of heart; though he knew French very imperfectly. The multitude of tracts he gave away was incredible.

Again, an English lady at Lausanne was the means of inconceivable benefit, by occupying every moment of a pretty long residence,

in aiding the cause of her God and Saviour, though in no way at all inconsistent with the modesty and humility of her sex.

Another lady was at Montanvert, on the way to the Mer de Glace, a few years since. She wrote in her guide's book the usual attestation to his attention and skill; and then added, " You have often said to me, Lean upon me, follow my steps, and fear nothing. This is what I say to you as to our true Guide and Saviour Jesus Christ. Lean upon Him, follow his steps, and fear nothing. He will conduct you safely in the road, yet more difficult, of eternal life."* This advice gratified the man beyond conception; and several years after it was written, he showed it with undiminished pleasure to a visitor, who copied it out, and furnished me with a transcript.

* Vous m'avez souvent dit, Appuyez sur moi, suivez mes pas, et ne craignez rien. C'est ce que je vous dis touchant notre véritable Guide et Sauveur Jesus Christ. Appuyez-vous sur lui, suivez ses pas, et ne craignez rien. Il vous conduira en sûreté dans le chemin, encore plus difficile, de la vie éternelle.

Once more, one of my friends at Rome showed a passage in the New Testament to an Italian gentleman—it was a consolatory chapter under afflictions—he was struck even to admiration, and entreated the loan of the sacred book; adding, that his own Bible was in thirty or more volumes, so that he could scarcely find the text amidst the overwhelming notes.

I only add, that an Englishman of high family opened his hotel, during a tour on the Continent, for the celebration of Divine service on Sundays. He engaged, from time to time, some clergyman to preach, and sent cards of invitation to all the persons to whom he had access at the towns where he rested. The curiosity excited was prodigious. In many of the chief places in Italy, his salon was crowded. The Catholics were astonished at an English nobleman appearing to be really in earnest about religion.

But in all these attempts to do good, the charity which I have just been recommending,

must reign. Benevolence is an universal language. Those who may not at first understand your sentiments, can feel and appreciate your kindness. All airs of superiority must be avoided, all boasting of England's liberty, riches, power; all intermeddling in politics, all controversy about different churches—I had almost said about different doctrines. Love must be the key to open the heart—Christian love, which delights in truths common to all churches, and interesting to every soul of man, and which knows how to make large allowances for dulness, prejudices of education, early habits, and slow obedience to truth.

If any should doubt the obligation of our thus carrying our religion wherever we travel, let him learn it from the word of God, which demands the dedication of all we have, and under all circumstances, to his service. I need only quote one or two declarations from the New Testament to recal this point to the mind of the pious reader. "Whatsoever ye

do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, and especially to them that are of the household of faith." "For ye are not your own, but ye are bought with a price; wherefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are God's."*

These, and similar passages, are quite decisive. I know the objections which are raised by timid and worldly-minded persons against this introduction of religion into the ordinary concerns of life. I know the charges of enthusiasm which they advance. I know that ridicule—irresistible ridicule—is the weapon they constantly employ—and that they do all this on the plea of not degrading religion and exposing it to contempt—but I also know that

* Col. iii. 17. 1 Cor. x. 31. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

these same kinds of objections have been made in all ages against every holy effort of truly sincere Christians in benefitting their fellow-creatures. Such objections commonly amount to nothing. Similar ones might be raised against any grave and zealous undertaking in the usual pursuits of mankind. Errors against taste should be avoided indeed, where they can; but such errors furnish no argument against the commanding duties of "loving our neighbour as ourselves," and of "going about" like our Saviour, "doing good." The immensely important concerns of eternity are not to be governed by such trifling considerations. It only requires a ray of holy illumination from above, to discern and feel something of the claim which our divine Lord has upon all our love, all our efforts, all our time, all our influence. Nothing is so truly rational and dignified—nothing so elevated, and in the highest degree philanthropic and philosophical, as the benevolent endeavour to raise and purify the minds and habits of our fellow-men. In doing this we claim no miraculous powers,

we assert no infallibility of judgment, we presume on no immediate or peculiar care of the Divine Providence, we supersede no just use of prudence and foresight, we advance no pretences to an interpretation of the mysterious scheme of the government of God, we lessen no motive to activity in ordinary duties —but we plainly maintain that the Bible reveals a religion founded on the sacrifice of Christ and the operations of the Holy Spirit—that this religion is to change the whole moral bias of the affections; and that when the heart is thus renewed, man feels the imperious obligation of labouring to glorify God in every project and every action of his life. The honour of God and the good of men are his object, his passion, his joy. He takes a far warmer interest in this high pursuit, than the scholar, the artist, the warrior, the statesman do in theirs—is more sure of the value of the good he communicates, and more persuaded of the ultimate success which will crown his labours—for he reposes on the ever-present providence of that God who " clothes the

grass of the field;" without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground;" and who has condescended to say, that the "very hairs of our head are all numbered."

6. But GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR THE BLESSINGS WHICH WE ENJOY IN ENGLAND, is a further general sentiment powerfully awakened by a foreign tour. Never was I so impressed with thankfulness to God for the moral, religious, free, prosperous, happy state of my own country, as when I had the opportunity of comparing it with that of the nations of the Continent. At home murmurs, objections, difficulties, are sometimes heard and propagated. Men are restless and discontented. But let any one travel abroad, and he must be ungrateful indeed if his complaints are not changed into admiration. I am far from denying the errors of our rulers, or the imperfections still adhering to our legislation and system of laws—this is human. I am still further from denying, that in our public religious conduct, as a nation, there is, abstractedly

speaking, very much evil to deplore. I would be the last to dissemble the many sins amongst us which provoke the anger of God, and which are the more criminal in proportion to our knowledge and ample means of instruction—the luxury, the pride, the sad mixture of infidelity and contempt of the Gospel; the departure of too many of our clergy from the reformed doctrines; the low standard of moral and religious feeling in our senate; our divisions and party-spirit on every question; our neglect of adequate means of education for our poor, and of accommodation for the public worship of God; our encouragement of the sale of pernicious liquors; our licentious and blasphemous press; the scandalous disorder of our public places of amusement; our Sunday newspapers, Sunday dissipation and Sunday travelling; our apathy at the oppression of the innocent African in our West India Islands—these and other public evils no one is more sensible of than myself. No doubt we have cause to look at home. Still, thank God, England is on the whole as superior to other lands in the

practice of morals, as in the extent and success of her commerce and her arms. Her faults are not of the peculiar malignity which mark Popish countries—we do not shut up the Bible—we do not corrupt religion with open idolatry and superstition—we do not oppose the traditions of men to the inspired Word of God—we do not tyrannize over the conscience—we do not crush the civil and religious liberty of mankind. There never was a time when England stood more free from these darker shades of guilt. As a country, notwithstanding all I have just been saying, every thing moral and religious is advancing. The abolition of the trade in slaves—the renunciation of Sunday drilling—the mitigation of our criminal code—the relinquishment of lotteries—the improvement of prison discipline—the establishments for national education—the grants for missions abroad and for erecting new churches at home—the parliamentary committees for investigating various abuses—the honourable discharge of our pledges and engagements to other states, are all so

many proofs of the high religious feeling of England, compared with the continental nations.

Especially the religious freedom of our beloved country ought to excite our warmest gratitude to the Giver of all good. We are too apt to forget our actual blessings, in this respect. But if we recal the past circumstances of Protestant Europe, or even reflect on her present situation, we shall receive a deeper impression of our own advantages. Consider, for example, the sufferings of the Protestants of France the century before last, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes—tens, yea hundreds of thousands of fugitives escaping with the loss of every thing, to England, Holland, and Switzerland,—so that in the small town of Lausanne only, in the year 1685, there were 2000 of the laity and more than 200 ministers, whom some even of the Catholic cantons joined the Protestant in succouring. But these exiles were happy compared with their brethren who were detained

in their own country. The cruelties of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. were so much beyond all the common measures of persecution, that Bishop Burnet, who witnessed them in his travels, declares there never was such a violation of all that is sacred, either with relation to God or man

But why should I speak of times that are past, in order to awaken our thankfulness to God for the actual state of things in England? Consider the present situation of the churches in the Valleys of Piedmont—18 or 19,000 of the most humble, industrious, hospitable, kind-hearted, simple, obedient, and pious persons of Christendom under the iron yoke of oppression. Every one knows the history of these churches of the Waldenses or Vaudois, possibly founded by the Apostle Paul; and, in all probability, the primitive Christians of the West, as the Syrian Christians are of the East? Who has not read, almost with tears, the heart-rending story of the cruelties they endured from the Papal see during the dark

ages?* I just mentioned the names of these sufferers to you when writing from Turin. But I dwell a moment on their history to awaken us to gratitude. The truth is, that when Christianity was almost lost under the Roman Catholic corruptions, it remained in much purity amongst these beloved people, who had spread themselves before the sixteenth century, from the borders of Spain, throughout the south of France, amongst and below the Alps, along the Rhine on both sides of its course, even to Bohemia. They reached also to Bulgaria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Hungary; communicated their doctrine as far as England; and in Italy stretched down to Calabria. They num-

* In the fourteenth century 80,000 were martyred in Bohemia only. I add here a single trait of their deep piety, as an example not unsuitable to ourselves. It is recorded by an enemy. Before they go to meat, the elder amongst the company says, "God, who blessed the five barley loaves and two fishes before his disciples in the wilderness, bless this table and that which is set upon it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And after meat he says, "The God which has given us bodily food, grant us his spiritual life; and may God be with us, and we always with Him!" See *Milner* in loc.

bered, about the year 1530, above 800,000 souls.

It was at the accursed revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, that Louis XIV. engaged the court of Turin to attempt their utter extermination from the Valleys of Piedmont. The Vaudois fled their country in bodies of five or six hundred, some to the Palatinate, others to Brandenburg, others to different parts of Switzerland, desiring only a little bread at different towns to carry them on their way. A few years afterwards, a band of 900 under one of their ministers, reconquered their native valleys; and from this handful of Christian heroes, the present Vaudois sprung. From the year of their return in 1689, till they became the subjects of France, in 1800, they endured with all long-suffering, the cruel oppressions of the Sardinian government. Bonaparte first granted them religious liberty —this was his policy everywhere; he placed all his subjects on the same footing; at Paris he granted the Protestants the use of four of

the Catholic churches; three of which they occupy still:* so in the other cities of France, Rouen, &c.

Will it be believed, that when the late Victor Emmanuel reascended the throne of Sardinia in 1814, his first measure was to re-enact all the persecuting edicts against this unoffending people. They are now again compelled to desist from work on Catholic festivals, forbidden to exercise the profession of physician or surgeon, prohibited from purchasing land, required to take off their hats when the host is carried about, denied a printing press, and were refused for several years even the liberty of building an hospital for their sick; whilst their public schools, in which the Bible was taught, were put down, and their children often stolen from them in order to be educated in Popery. In the meantime, the support of their ministers, which was chiefly derived from England, has of late very much failed;

* Those of Sainte Marie, L'Oratoire, and Les Billettes.

and the royal bounty, begun by Queen Mary, has been withheld since the year 1797.

But I am drawn on too far. I dwell on the circumstances of these churches, not only to excite our thankfulness to God, who has made us in England so much to differ, but also to take occasion to point out the obligation which we are under, to give a proof of that gratitude, by our aid to our suffering brethren. I found as I passed through Brussels, an excellent Christian friend, who spent five months amongst them a year or two since, and who revisited them last summer in company with a pious and amiable clergyman, who had been there about ten years before. The inquiries of these friends will probably soon be laid before the British public, and their benevolent assistance solicited—an appeal, which, I am sure, cannot be made in vain.*

* Already has 120*l.* been collected for their relief amongst the English at Rome, after a sermon by the Rev.

It seems to me, that the returns which the continental sovereigns have in too many instances made to Almighty Goodness for the restoration of peace, by persecution, cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and opposition to scriptural light and knowledge, must assuredly incur the wrath of the Most High. May England be ever preserved from copying the tyranny and spirit of persecution which in all ages have marked the Church of Rome! May she keep as far as possible from relapsing into that bitter, merciless temper, which the glorious

Lewis Way. Something has also been begun by friends in England.

Since the appearance of the second edition of this work, the Rev. W. S. Gilly has published a most interesting narrative of his Visit to the Vaudois. He has given a very lively description of the manners and present circumstances of that extraordinary people. Some parts of his narrative are really most affecting. I trust the benevolent designs of the able writer will be seconded by the liberality of the English government and people. A handsome private subscription has been begun, at the head of which are the names of His Majesty the King, and of the Bishops of London and Durham. The banking houses of Messrs. Glyn, Messrs. Bosanquet, and Messrs. Masterman, are appointed for receiving donations.

Reformation tended to extinguish, but which is ever apt to revive under some disguise or another, unless jealously watched and repressed. The danger of all dominant churches, though ever so pure in their principles, is formality and pride—a secular spirit—false dignity—decay as to spiritual religion—eagerness in pressing matters of external discipline—the loss of the true spirit of the Gospel, and a haughty oppressive intolerance substituted in its place.*

I will only add, that I was exceedingly grieved to be unable to visit myself these devoted and persecuted Vaudois. At one point of our excursion to Turin, we were within twenty-four miles of their valleys, and this

* I add a thrilling caution from the pen of our great practical Commentator.

"It may also be very well worth inquiring whether there be not some remains of the Papal superstition and corruption even in Protestant churches: and how far they whose grand object it seems to be to contend *most*, and most *vehemently*, not to say *virulently*, for that which admits of the *least* scriptural proof, or no scriptural proof, keep at a distance from this tremendous woe." *Scott's Commentary.*†

† Rev. xiv. 9—11.

has led me to speak of them; but other indispensable duties made it impracticable for me to devote the time which such a visit would have demanded.

7. I mention as my seventh and last general reflection upon my journey, the duty of exciting ourselves and others, at home and abroad, TO FERVENT AND PERSEVERING PRAYER FOR THE EFFUSION OF THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT ON THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH. The experience of every thoughtful tourist confirms that of the servants of God in all ages, that man can do nothing of himself; the torrent of human corruption rolls too wide and too strong for his puny arm to stop its course. After all the means we can use, superstition and infidelity—or, in the words of Scripture, "the minding of the flesh"—will carry away the various petty boundaries which can be reared against them. God alone has the key of the human heart—Our Lord Christ was "manifested to destroy the works of the devil"—The Divine Spirit is "the Lord and Giver of Life."

What we want is a LARGER GIFT OF THE INFLUENCES OF GRACE. I speak not of the miraculous powers of the Spirit of God; these ceased by the close of the third century. We renounce all pretensions to them. I speak not of dreams or visions, or sensible influxes, or direct inspirations, or new and extraordinary revelations. All these we utterly disclaim. I speak of the ordinary, secret, sanctifying work of God the Spirit, in illuminating, converting, and consoling fallen man; that work which unlocks the understanding, which liberates the will, which purifies the affections, which unites the whole soul to Christ in faith, love, and obedience. The gifts of this blessed agent have been bestowed from time to time in a peculiar manner on the Church.

Such a period was that of St. Augustine in the fifth century, to whose conversion I have already referred. Again, under Claudius of Turin, in the ninth century, and Peter Waldo, of Lyon, in the twelfth, a considerable light burst forth, and the followers of Christ, under

the name of the Waldenses, were planted throughout Europe. The era of grace and truth returned at the glorious Reformation. Gradually weakened and obscured by human darkness since, it is again needed as much as ever in the present day. Nay, may I not say it has commenced?

Are there not blessed indications that the grace of the Spirit is revisiting the churches? Does not the revival of the doctrines of St. Austin and of the Reformation, or rather of the BIBLE, mark this? Does not the present general acknowledgment of the doctrine of the HOLY GHOST, and the wide circulation of THAT BOOK which He inspired and never fails to bless, indicate it? Do not the increasing number of awakened and converted clergymen in every communion, the diffusion of religious feeling and interest in the higher ranks of society in our own country, the rise and astonishing progress of our religious institutions, mark this? Especially, does not the blessed temper of LOVE AND CHARITY which is

so much prevailing, denote it? Do not the favour and aid afforded to pious efforts by our own and other governments, the eagerness of mankind to welcome the benefits we offer them, the men raised up suited for various difficult duties, the translation of the Scriptures into all the languages of the earth, the dispersion of missionaries amongst the heathen and Mohammedan nations, betoken this? Does not the surprising success of the Bible Society in the world generally, and of the various Missionary bodies in their particular labours in Western Africa, in the South Seas, in the East and West Indies, and in Caffraria, lead to the same conclusion?

It is true, there is much remaining to be done—we overrate, perhaps, the comparative amount of what is performed. Deduct as much as you please on this account; I take the remainder, and then ask, whether there is not still enough confessedly accomplished, to assure us that a new era of grace has begun, and to encourage us to fervent prayer for that

LARGER EFFUSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT which can effect every thing we yet desire? Already has the attention of the Protestant churches been called to this momentous subject. In many parts of England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, America, treatises have been widely circulated, courses of sermons preached, and meetings for prayer instituted, to excite attention to the importance of this great blessing. Were it once granted, it would include every other. And surely the position of the spiritual Church, especially in England, in parts of Germany, and in America; the feverish state of many of the nations of the Continent; the open and surprising successes in Greece and the Southern Americas; the commotions and discontent throughout Spain and Italy; the rapid diffusion of literature and of religious knowledge over the world; the general strain of divine prophecy; the spirit of inquiry excited among the Jews; and the impenetrable obstinacy and corruption of the Eastern and Western Apostacies, as connected with the near flowing out of the three prophetic synchronical

periods of 1260 years—surely all this may lead us to "lift up our heads because our redemption draweth nigh." For the three great events of the fall of Papal Antichrist, the overthrow of the Mohammedan imposture, and the conversion and return of the houses of Israel and Judah, are considered by most Protestant expositors—Joseph Mede, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishops Newton, Hurd and Horsley; Mr. Scott, Mr. Faber, &c.—as approaching, yea, AS AT THE DOORS.

But to leave this general view of the subject, I observe that prayer for the Holy Ghost would, at all events, tend to sanctify and bless our own hearts, our families, our houses, our children, our projects, our labours amongst others. It would thus make us a blessing wherever we travelled. I know not that any reflection was more frequently excited in my mind during my tour than this, of the necessity of prayer for DIVINE GRACE. What I could myself actually do, was little; but where I could not help by my efforts, I could pray.

Many painful scenes of superstition or infidelity, I could only lament over—but God I knew could bring the remedy for them. The divine doctrines which I wished to hear from Christian pulpits, I could not supply—but the Holy Spirit, I believed, could implant them in the heart, and pour them from the tongue of every individual minister. The moral chains of thousands and tens of thousands I could not break—but I was assured the blessed Spirit could dissolve them gradually, or even at once, by his secret power. The miseries, and sufferings, and persecutions, which I saw around me, I could not alleviate—but the Holy Ghost, I doubted not, could effectually arrest and heal them.

Prayer, therefore, for God's Spirit, is the duty, the interest, the happiness of every Christian, both at home and abroad. If Englishmen travel in this temper, the more intercourse they have with the Continent the better; they will benefit all whom they visit—a fragrance, so to speak, yea, "the savour of

the knowledge of Christ" will be diffused around them, and incalculable good be communicated and received. In any other temper than that of prayer, let no one venture on a ground which must be to him sown with dangers and temptations. He will injure, instead of assisting, both himself and others. The prejudices against the Protestant doctrine and evangelical truth, which the ill conduct of Englishmen abroad have implanted or confirmed, are deplorable: whilst the mischiefs which many young Protestants have brought home with them, as to moral and religious habits, are perhaps still more to be lamented. I cannot, therefore, conclude this series of Letters more suitably, than by saying that, if the Christian needs the support of prayer and the grace of the Blessed Spirit at home, where he is surrounded with pious friends, aided by habit, and stimulated to his duty by abundant means of grace; much more will he require this assistance abroad, where, many of his usual safe-guards being removed, and numberless dis-

tractions and snares presenting themselves, he will often find that his only effectual means of safety are the solitude of his closet, meditation of Holy Scripture, and prayer for the sacred Spirit of God.

I am,

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page.	Line.	
12	3,	note, *for* no, *read* scarcely any.
18,	7,	*after* The nuns, *insert*, or rather les Sœurs de la charité.
21,	17,	*for* Villeforte, *read* Vilvorde.
23,	20,	*after* fine, *insert* containing.
27,	14,	dele, de.
38,	5,	*for* aquæ, *read* aquis.
41,	6,	*after* opposite, *read* it is said that some of.
47,	9,	*for* Alsace, *read* Baden.
58,	12,	*for* 1st January, *read* Janvier 1er.
63,	20,	*for* as, *read* which.
	21,	dele, and all our princes.
67,		note, *for* 48, *read* 47.
77,	6,	*for* Grand Duke of Baden, *read* Electors Palatine.
86,	8,	*for* child or a niece, *read* relative.
102,	22,	*for* and Hungary, *read* Hungary and Turkey.
105,	9,	*for* of the Swiss Cantons, *read* part of the Swiss Territories.
124,	19,	*for* 1581, *read* 1518.
149,	16,	*for* Rincius, *read* Baldenstein.
	17,	*for* Baldenstein Basili ensium, *read* Bâle.
152,	7,	of note, *for* Augustus, *read* Augusti.
252,	16,	note, *after* united, *insert* with.

VOL. II.

Page.	Line.	
22,	13,	*for* Monks, *read*, Chanoines.
23,	24,	*for* was, *read* were.
27,	10,	*after* Provost, *insert* or Superieur.
32,	3,	note, *for* Italian, *read* Italien.
38,	3,	*for* 70, *read*, *about* 50.
39,	5,	*for* After leaving, *read* As we approached.
59,	4,	*for* form, *read* principles.
96,	1,	note, *for* may possibly be, *read* are.
102,	3,	*for* before, *read* after.
105,	22,	after *Piedmont*, insert, *and of the kingdom of Sardinia.*
128,	2,	*for* Cardinal, *read* Saint Carlo.
132,	8,	dele lawn.
154,	1,	*after* her, *insert* that.
230,	16,	*for* parish, *read* department.
262,	7,	*for* old Dukes, *read* Governor Generals.
297,	10,	*for* Frésynous, *read* Frayssinous.
317,	7,	dele, afterwards Henry IV.
328,	3, and 4,	*for* almost unacquainted with, *read* who had a good deal forgotten his.
353,	10,	*for* have, *read* has.

POSTSCRIPT.

The delay in the publication of the French Translation of Mr. Scott's Comment on St. Matthew has not only arisen from the causes stated in the note, (p. 299): but from the necessity of each sheet being sent to London, and the impracticability of finding type sufficient to allow of this journey, without intervals in the progress of the work. Four sheets are set up together (the type required for which is immense) and the proofs are worked off on their return to Paris as quickly as possible, and the type released for the subsequent parts of the copy. But still about six weeks elapse between the printing of a first proof and the final working of it off. A portion of this delay arises from the numerous corrections in each sheet, demanding twenty or thirty hours of intense application.

In the meantime, what is done, is, I have every reason to believe, WELL DONE; and in a work of so much importance, I have preferred the inconvenience of delay to the ruin of the whole enterprize by an inaccurate translation. Half the gospel, or nearly so, is now printed off, and the subscribers may rely on no exertion being spared on my part to see this first division of the work—the gospel of St. Matthew, actually published this summer.

I have thought it right, in the meantime, to place this undertaking under the care of a public society with a responsible Committee. The SPANISH AND FRENCH TRANSLATION SOCIETY, (instituted in 1825, and of which the monthly meetings are held for the present at No. 13, Guildford Street), has now the disposal of the funds in hand and conducts the design.

Whether the gospel when published will excite public attention and be attended with any considerable benefit, must depend on the Divine Mercy which alone can produce such an effect.

But I have a confidence that great good may be expected ultimately to follow from it. The inconsiderate objections raised on the ground of the levity of the French character, and the solid, ponderous qualities of Mr. Scott's writings, have little weight. It is not for the nation of France or its general readers that any comment would be designed; but for the ministers and Pastors of churches, for the serious and inquiring scholars and students, for the sedate and pious heads of families. And does any one who is at all acquainted with the writings of Mestrezat, Faucheur, Dubose, Drelincourt and others of the French Protestant school, doubt whether long and grave discourses on religion can fix the attention of French Protestants and engage their esteem? Or can any one, who looks into the mass of comment in De Sacy or Calmet—the one in 32 thick 8vo. volumes, of 8 or 900 pages each, the other in 9 folios, and both of them unwieldly compilations of mystical and feeble and inapplicable religious glosses, without any approach to an evangelical, manly, sensible, clear exposition of

the mind of the Spirit throughout the Holy Scriptures,—doubt of the success of a work not by any means so heavy in its form, and in its matter so incomparably superior? A revival of religion is a revival of seriousness, of solidity of character, of readiness to study, and solemnity of mind to examine, the Holy Word. The frivolity of Voltaire is the frivolity of irreligion. But I need not enlarge—the deliberate opinion of all the leading scholars and ministers whom I have met with in France and Switzerland, and the 500 subscribers already obtained to this first publication, are at the least a sufficient authority for the essay, the trial, the experiment of circulating throughout every part of the world where the French language is spoken, the best practical comment which has appeared in these later ages of the Christian Church.

The proposed Translation of Milner's Church History into French, has, I am sorry to say, been suspended by the continued inroads of illness and pressu of engagements on the friend

who had undertaken the work at Brussels. But into the Spanish language the first volume is already translated by the Society which I have just mentioned, for the benefit of the Spanish Americans; and the French Translation will be prosecuted as the funds may allow, and suitable translators present themselves.*

As I am giving these explanations, I will just add that the state of the German Protestant Churches to which I have alluded in my account of Francfort (vol i. 68) has been fully developed, since the publication of the third edition of this Tour, by a masterly work from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Rose of Horsham. I had no conception, from the brief remarks which my valuable Francfort friend made to me, of the extent and inveteracy of the evil. What a

* The Prospectus of the Spanish and French Translation Society may be had of Hatchard, Seely, Nisbet, or the Publisher of these volumes. The Annual Sermon and general meetings of the Society is at St John's, Bedford Row, on the second Wednesday in May. The Secretary is the Rev. W. Marshall, M. A., Newington Green near Islington.

portentous defection from the faith! What a feeble, corrupt, wayward thing is the human mind, when it once leaves the plain rule of the divine word! I rejoice to hear that things are on the whole again improving. In the meantime, let no young Christian be moved in his faith by these pretended discoveries of a spurious philosophy in THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE, any more than the Reformers were three centuries back, by the pretended discoveries of a spurious religion AS TO THE RULE OF FAITH AND THE AUTHORITY OF TRADITION. Scepticism and Superstition are but two diseases of the same fallen heart. To explain away by sophistry the obvious meaning of the Scriptures —and to forbid the reading of them by a claim of authority over the conscience, are evils of a kindred nature. Satan our great enemy works by the folly of human learning now, as he did by the folly of human ignorance three or four centuries back. The PRIMARY TEACHER will guide sincere and humble souls through the mazes of each kind of error, to the truth and blessedness of redemption in the divine person

and sufferings of the Son of God, and the mighty transforming operations of his grace.

I may as well add, on the subject of the Waldenses mentioned p. 344 of this second volume, that a valuable work* just published by the Rev. T. Sims will give the reader the latest accounts of these important churches. The renewal of the Royal grant, the endowment of an hospital, the establishment of schools, and the supply of Books, are all benefits of the very last moment, obtained for them by the exertions of the Committee to which I have referred p. 344 of this volume—the amount of subscription is between £4000 and £5000. The excellent volume of the Rev. J. Scott in continuation of Milner's Church History, gives a most interesting summary of the History of the Vaudois at the time of the Reformation.

* "An historical defence of the Waldenses or Vaudois, inhabitants of the Valley of Piedmont, by Jean Rodolphe Peyran, late pastor of Pomaret and Moderator of the Waldensian Church, with an Introduction and Appendixes by the Rev. Thomas Sims, M.A. Rivingtons. 1826."

If I were to say any thing further before I conclude this postscript, it would be to express my regret if any expressions in the course of the work have unnecessarily wounded the feelings of individuals. I have endeavoured to guard against any reproach on this score by omitting such circumstances as would lead to the fixing of any of my remarks on particular persons. But it is possible that some reflections when read in the circles where they are supposed to be most applicable, may still be regarded as personal and severe. I can only therefore thus in general testify my sorrow if I have unintentionally laid myself open to such misinterpretations. My desire has been to speak, frankly indeed, and honestly, without disguise or concealment, but still with the consideration due to the just feelings of every individual with whom I had the pleasure of any intercourse when abroad. Perhaps the language which I have occasionally used on the subject of the Roman Catholic superstitions may, after all, be thought the most liable to objection—as being both too general and too strong. After an in-

terval of nearly four years, I will confess that I think such an objection is not without its force. At the same time, truth is truth; and the warmth of a description flowing from the heart, at the first witnessing of the corruptions of the great Apostate Church, is perhaps excusable, so far as the motive is concerned. And possibly the very strong language used in the Divine Revelations of St. John, as to this portentous defection from the faith, may warrant much of that language of abhorrence which might otherwise be excessive, or harsh and unkind. But in this, as well as in every thing else, the candid reader will judge.

Islington, March, 1827.

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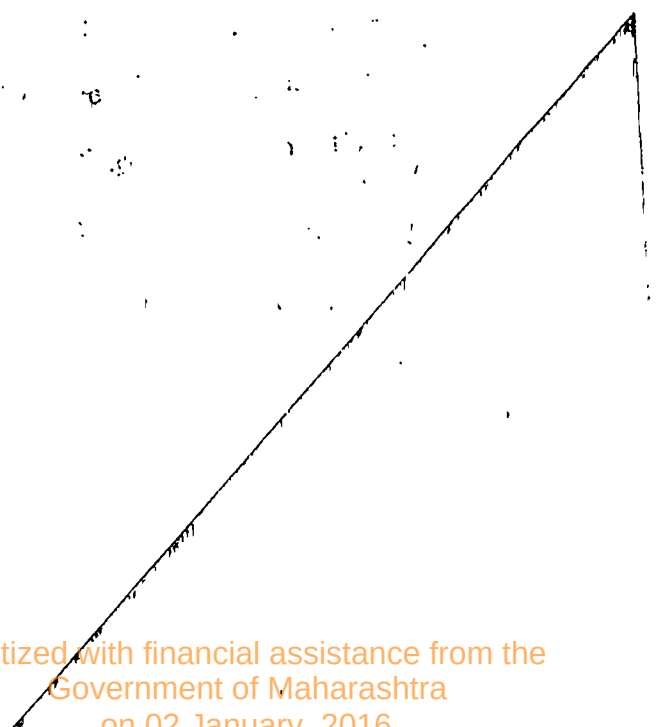

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